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KILLER CASES



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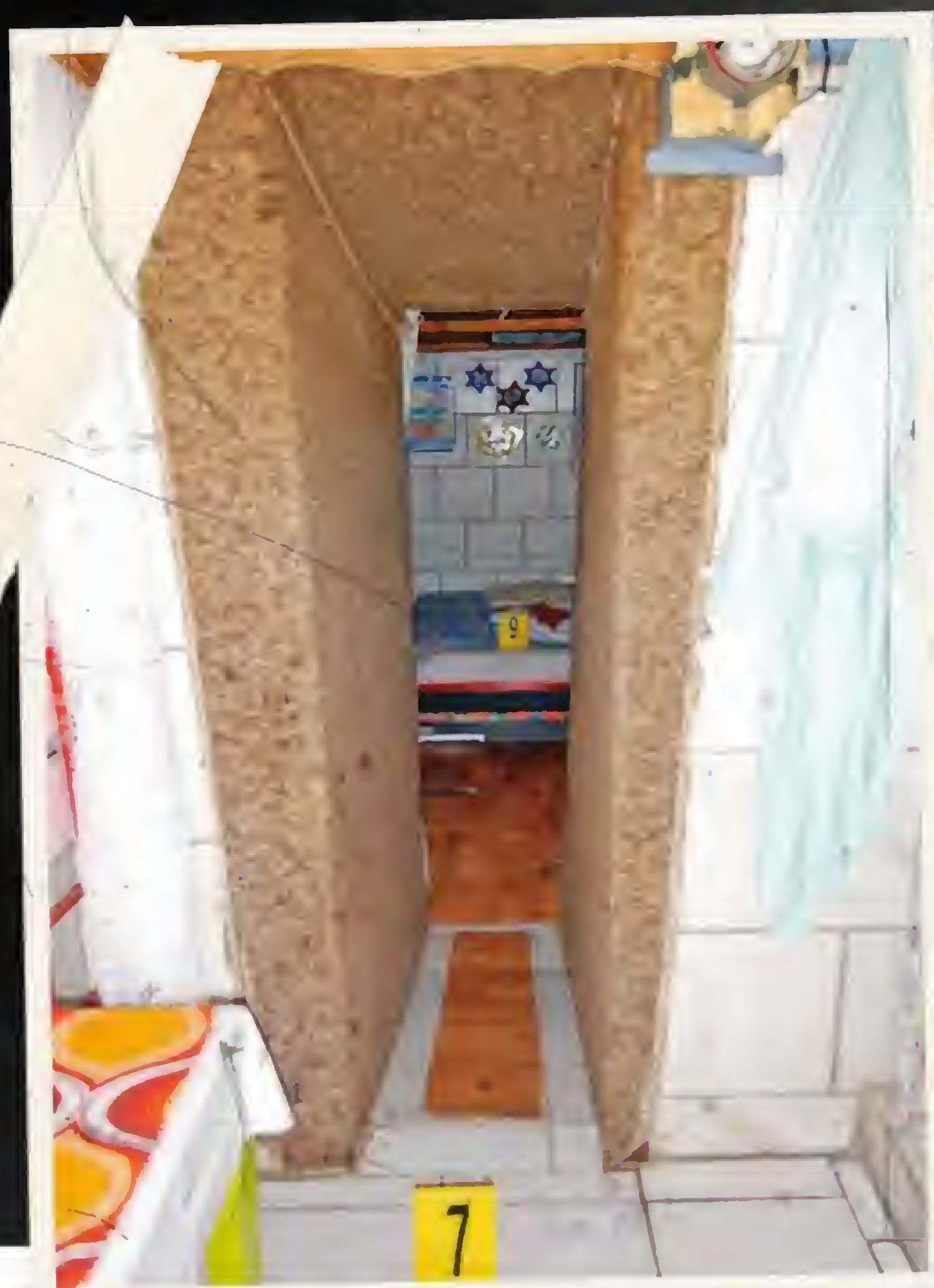


MURDER OF A SOUL LEGEND

CHAINED UP, BEATEN, ABUSED

DADDY'S DEPRAVED DUNGEON

How Fritzl's daughter escaped after 24 years as his sex slave



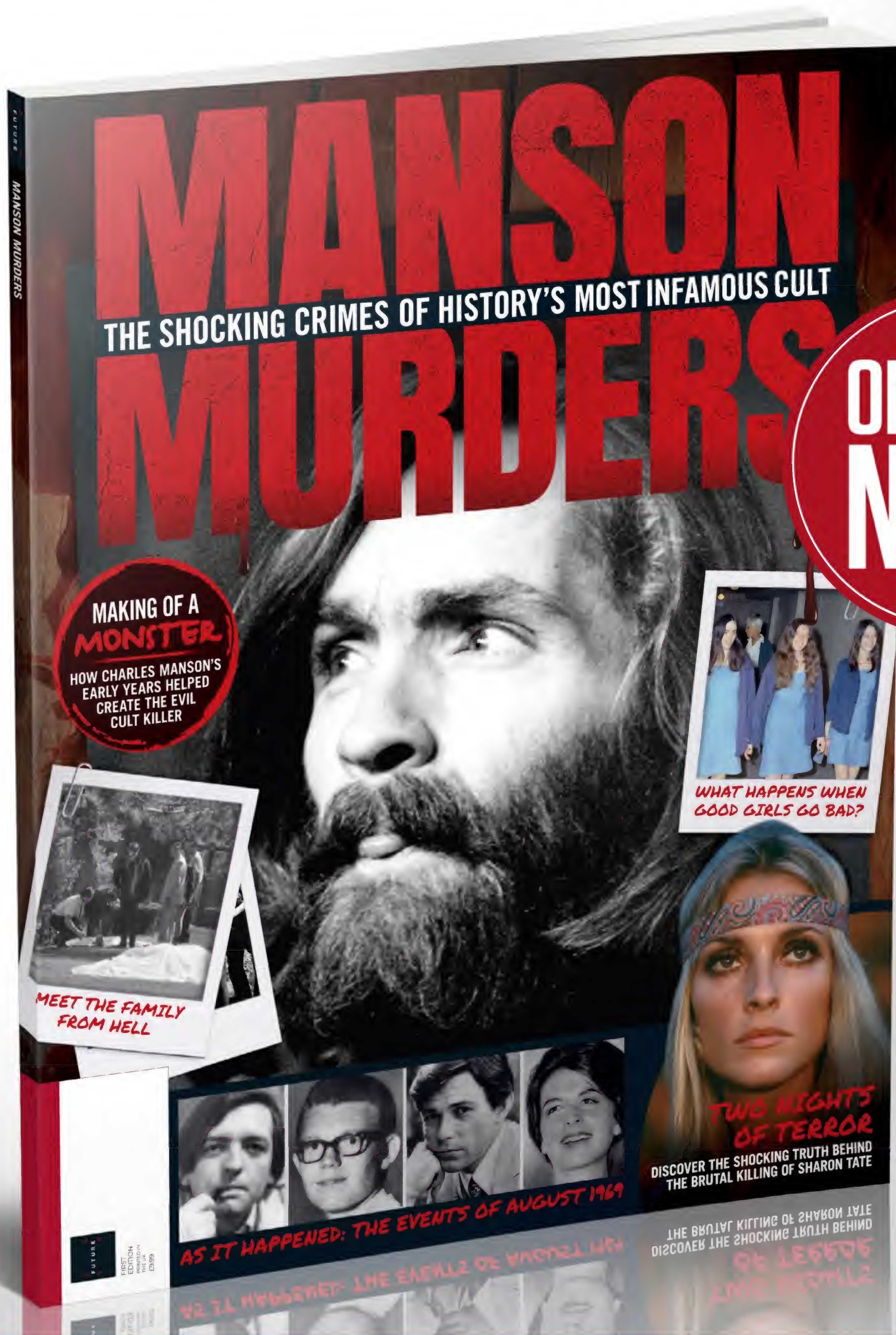
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"THEY REALLY, REALLY UPSET PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY"

- THE REAL BOARDWALK EMPIRE
- WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER?
- MASKED MASTURBATOR — AND MORE

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KILLER CASEFILES

In 2009, Austrian father, abuser, and jailer Josef Fritzl was given a life sentence for imprisoning his own daughter, Elisabeth, and the children conceived of incestuous rape in a converted basement of his home. In the decade since, the name Fritzl has become a byword for depravity, and the case has become a benchmark by which similar cases are measured. Josef Fritzl's betrayal and abuse of his daughter and her children is truly shocking, but this type of crime isn't especially uncommon. The same year that Fritzl was jailed, two very similar cases happened either side of the Austrian border, in Germany and Italy. Thankfully, Elisabeth Fritzl has made a new and happy life for herself since, even if there's no escape from the memory of those dark times. Enjoy the issue.



Police stand outside the property owned by Josef Fritzl, Ybbsstrasse 40 in Amstetten, Austria, where he held his daughter Elisabeth captive. The basement dungeon was later filled in with concrete

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REAL CRIME

Future PLC Richmond House, 33 Richmond Hill,
Bournemouth, Dorset, BH2 6EZ

Editorial

Editor **Ben Biggs**
ben.biggs@futurenet.com
0330 390 6434

Art Editor **Kym Winters**
Production Editor **James Price**
Senior Art Editor **Duncan Crook**

Contributors

Tanita Matthews, Paul Donnelley, Tony Thompson, Nell Darby, Phil Watts, Christian Cipollini, Martyn Conterio, Daniel D Woodcroft

Cover images

Alamy, CG Textures, Getty Images, REX Features, Thinkstock

Photography

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Advertising

Media packs are available on request
UK Commercial Director **Clare Dove**
clare.dove@futurenet.com
Senior Advertising Manager **Amanda Burns**
amanda.burns@futurenet.com
0330 390 6036
Account Manager **Liz Hogarth**
liz.hogarth@futurenet.com
0330 390 6118

International

Real Crime is available for licensing. Contact the Licensing team to discuss partnership opportunities.
Head of Print Licensing **Rachel Shaw**
licensing@futurenet.com

Subscriptions

Email enquiries contact@myfavouritemagazine.co.uk
UK orderline & enquiries **0344 848 2852**
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Head of subscriptions **Sharon Todd**

Circulation

Head of Newstrade **Tim Mathers**

Production

Head of Production **Mark Constance**
Production Project Manager **Clare Scott**
Advertising Production Manager **Joanne Crosby**
Digital Editions Controller **Jason Hudson**
Production Manager **Vivienne Turner**

Management

Brand Director **Evan Kypreos**
Chief Content Officer **Aaron Asadi**
Commercial Finance Director **Dan Jotcham**
Head of Art & Design **Greg Whittaker**

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CONTENTS

CASE NOTES

06 "WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE", CHURCH SHOOTER, THE END OF ESCOBAR, AND MORE

Stunning crime photos, present and past, from around the world

14 THE DEPRAVED DUNGEON OF JOSEF FRITZL

Elisabeth was held in a basement for nearly 25 years. How did her father get away with it for so long?

22 PSYCHOPATHS IN PLAIN SIGHT

Alton Coleman and Debra Brown appeared a normal couple, but they were violent fugitives, wanted in six midwest states for rape and murder

BREAKTHROUGH

30 THE SCENT OF A KILLER

20 years later, little Alie's killer was found with the help of a canine cop

32 HONOUR THY FATHER

There was bad blood in soul legend Marvin Gaye's family, culminating in his shocking murder

MINUTE BY MINUTE

38 "THAT'S NOT DREW, SHOOT HIM"

Desperate seconds ticked by as Holly Bobo's brother watched her would-be killer take her into the woods

44 A LAW FOR SARAH

Why was a dangerous known paedophile, Roy Whiting, free when he murdered little Sarah Payne?

52 ESSEX GANGLAND TRIPLE HIT

Former doorman Bernard O'Mahoney tells **Real Crime** about the 1990s Essex underworld and the execution of three notorious gangsters

UNSOLVED CASE

58 WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER?

The murder of corrupt banker Roberto Calvi has been linked to Italian freemasons, the Mafia and the Vatican

BREAKTHROUGH

66 THE MURDER OF RACHEL NICKELL

Flecks of paint led investigators to the man who raped and stabbed a young mother in front of her two-year-old boy

68 50 SHADES OF GREY GONE WRONG

The case of infatuated beauty queen Joyce McKinney, who abducted and raped a Mormon missionary

74 THE REAL BOARDWALK EMPIRE

The truth behind 1920s bootlegging kingpin, Enoch 'Nucky' Johnson

STRANGE CASE

82 'CREEPY MASKED MASTURBATOR'

Ninja wanker terrorises household



SHOT DEAD BY HIS OWN DAD





'NUCKY' JOHNSON'S
PROHIBITION EMPIRE



SHE WAS TAKEN
INTO THE WOODS

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COLORADO, USA, 20 APRIL 1999

“WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE”

At the climax of their chilling rampage,
the Columbine killers taunt their would-be
victims before taking their own lives

L 11:57:20-63



At 11.44am, the school's CCTV captures 18-year-old Eric Harris and 17-year-old Dylan Klebold re-entering the school cafeteria. Almost playfully, almost bored, as if looking for some fresh amusement, Harris and Klebold return to the two bags they planted in the cafeteria earlier that day, 20 April 1999 – a date that few in Columbine, Colorado, will ever forget. Each one contains a 20-pound (nine kilogram) propane bomb with the power to bring the ceiling down.

Some 27 minutes earlier they had failed to detonate and the cafeteria was deserted, save for the young men whose gunfire had emptied it. Harris kneels and fires at one of his improvised explosive devices. Once again, they fail to detonate.

Klebold tries next. Lighting a Molotov cocktail, he hurls it at the bomb. At 11.46am, two gallons of fuel ignite, the flames eventually dimmed by the cafeteria sprinklers. Aimlessly, listlessly, Harris and Klebold wander the halls, firing their guns almost as tokens of their ill-intent. The urgency has gone from their mission now and they know how their day, and their lives, must end. They pass students in classrooms, hearts pounding furiously in their chests tears stinging their cheeks as they press themselves to the ground, willing the floor to open up beneath them and give them respite from the horror. The killers leave them be.

Walking towards a bathroom, they shout “we know you’re in there” and “let’s kill anyone we find in here.” The students hold their breath in torturous anticipation for a hail of bullets that never comes. The door remains closed, but the killers aren’t merciful – they’re bored. Passing through the cafeteria once more, they return to the library and at 12.02pm open fire at the police through the west window. Nobody is hit, and six minutes later Harris presses his shotgun into the roof of his mouth, while Klebold tucks his Tec-9 semiautomatic into his left temple. Their bodies fall alongside their victims. There are ten bodies in this room alone, with two wounded, but alive, among the stacks; the rest of the injured have fled.

15 people, including Harris and Klebold, have lost their lives, while 24 are injured.

It’s one of the most shocking mass murders in American history, inspiring a debate that still rages about a litany of moral panics – some reactionary, some necessary. Chief among them, the issue of gun control.

SOUTH CAROLINA, USA, 17 JUNE 2015

THIS IS THE FACE OF AMERICAN HATE

The shocking Charleston shooting in June laid bare the perceived double standard around white terrorism, the role of Confederate romanticism, and ongoing gun control debate

On 17 June of this year, 21-year-old Dylann Roof walked into the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina. There, during Bible study, he took out a handgun and killed nine men and women of the congregation. The attack was unprovoked, premeditated and explicitly racially motivated.

The world watched as reports came in about this horrific shooting in a place of worship that holds great significance in black American history. The church, which was established in 1816 and later burned down by white landowners, and where Martin Luther King spoke in 1962, was deliberately targeted.

Dylann Roof was arrested the next day in Shelby, North Carolina. Several days after, an online piece apparently written by him was unearthed. In his writings, he explained how integration has “done nothing but bring Whites down to the level of brute animals.” He asserted disdain for modern American patriotism, instead celebrating the Confederate flag. It was clear. Roof wanted to start a race war.

In the days following, the discussion of exactly how to classify the attack began. The continued use of the Confederate flag has also been called into question given its history. One thing is for sure: there are more Dylann Roofs out there. This is the face of a bigoted, dangerous movement that continues to be a very real presence around the world.





YORKSHIRE, UK, 25 OCTOBER 1965

THE SEARCH OF SADDLEWORTH MOOR

Saddleshworth Moor is forever linked to the horrific discoveries made within its peat, and the dark-eyed killers who haunted it

The arrest of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley on 7 and 11 October 1965 for the murder of 17-year-old Edward Evans was shocking enough, but during the investigation police found something even more harrowing: pornographic photographs of a young girl, her mouth bound, and a 13-minute tape recording of her screaming and pleading for help.

Other ghoulish trophy shots in the couple's possession appeared to have been taken on Saddleworth Moor, and 150 police officers were mustered to search for the locations depicted in the photos.

On 16 October, the police found an arm bone jutting from the peat. This was the body of ten-year-old Leslie Ann Downey, the girl screaming on the recording. She had disappeared from a fairground near her home in Ancoats, Greater Manchester, on Boxing Day the previous year.

The badly decomposed body of 13-year-old John Kilbride was also found before worsening weather brought the search to a halt in early November.

To date, three bodies have been found on Saddleworth Moor – the third, 16-year-old Pauline Reade, was exhumed from her shallow grave in 1987 – and there is believed to be at least one more, 12-year-old Keith Bennett, lurking beneath its thick dark soil. They had all been abducted from the street before being sexually assaulted and murdered, their bodies dumped in the bog.

Brady and Hindley revisited the burial sites often, taking snaps of the desolate landscape as a memento of their horrendous crimes. Perhaps they thought these trophies wouldn't be incriminating, a confession hidden in plain sight. They were wrong, and on 6 May 1966, the couple were sentenced to life without possibility of parole.



MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA, 2 DECEMBER 1993

PABLO ESCOBAR MEETS HIS MAKER

Pablo Escobar, the world's most wanted drug baron, goes down fighting in a rooftop firefight with Colombian cops



After two decades at the heart of a web of crime, a ceaseless flow of narcotics that stretched from his Latin American stronghold and into North America, Colombian drug lord Pablo Escobar is ambushed by police at his aunt's home on the west side of Medellín, the nation's second city.

He had been on the run for 16 months, after he and his most trusted lieutenants had been sprung from prison during a transfer. This, though, was his fate deferred, not denied.

A task force of hundreds of police officers and soldiers descended on the house. Escobar, caught

unawares, was tucking into a plate of spaghetti, not realising that a police wiretap had revealed the location of his hideaway. The cartel kingpin and his bodyguards took to the roof, determined to go down fighting. The police paid him back in kind, shooting the 44-year-old underworld titan dead.

"I heard some shouting in the street, and I realised that a fat man without a shirt was walking on the roof of the house opposite," an eyewitness told *Reuters*. "At that moment, the man jumped toward another roof of the house and you could hear an amazing shootout."



RIGHT Escobar's body is removed from the house by police. "This life was taken simply because he resisted being captured," said Colombian prosecutor general Gustavo de Greiff to the media





THE DEPRAVED DUNGEON OF

JOSEF FRITZL

FOR NEARLY 25 YEARS, ELISABETH FRITZL WAS LOCKED AWAY IN A CRAMPED BASEMENT, WHERE SHE WAS REPEATEDLY BEATEN AND RAPED BY HER OWN FATHER. THE QUESTION ISN'T WHY, BUT HOW DID THIS TWISTED PERVERT GET AWAY WITH IT FOR SO LONG?

WORDS PAUL DONNELLEY



THE DEPRAVED DUNGEON OF JOSEF FRITZL

Tuesday 28 August 1984 started out just like any other summer day in Europe. In the small lower Austrian town of Amstetten – about an hour's train ride, 75 miles from Vienna and with a population of around 22,000 – people went about their business. It was a fortnight and a couple of days after the Los Angeles summer Olympics had ended, although Austria had not basked in glory, winning only one gold, one silver and one bronze despite the absence of the Soviet bloc countries.

No one gave a second's thought to Josef Fritzl, an electrical engineer. He had a good job with a respected company, an ostensibly happy marriage and seven well-behaved children.

He was 49 years old and had been born in Amstetten, an only child, at the family home, a modest but comfortable three-storey house at 40 Ybbsstrasse, on 9 April 1935. The population that year was fewer than ten thousand people and they lived in nine hundred and ninety houses. The published accounts of Fritzl's early life are contradictory to say the least. Even the names of his parents are in dispute.

One account has his mother, Maria (or Rosa), disabled and getting by on food given charitably to her by neighbours. Others have her a widow, after Karl Nenning, her husband, died in November 1927. In this version, she was illegitimate and got herself pregnant deliberately to spite the men who had spurned her, and to upset her mother. To make ends meet, the family home was converted into a doss house, with rooms rented out to anyone who could pay.

As to Josef Fritzl's father, again there are differing stories. He was called Franz and regularly beat up Maria, little Josef hiding under the blankets trying to stifle the sounds of the violence. He left when the boy was four and Josef never saw him again. He joined the army and was killed in 1944. There is a 'Franz Fritzl' listed on the plaque commemorating the war dead in Amstetten, but whether this was Josef Fritzl's father or not is not known. It seems unlikely.

The other candidate for fatherhood is also called Josef, and he was one of the passing trade who happened to stay at 40 Ybbsstrasse as a paying guest.

In March 1938, Austria was annexed in the Anschluss, becoming a part of Germany. Hitler was driven through the town on his way to Vienna and, as the story goes, young Josef was made to salute the Führer as he passed. The town was anti-Semitic, and by the summer of that year Wolfgang Mitterdorfer, the mayor, proudly announced that all of Amstetten's 28 Jews had been expelled. And so Josef Fritzl grew up fatherless and under the influence of the Nazis.

As an adult after college, he went to work at Voestalpine in Linz. He married at the age of 21 and fathered seven children by wife Rosemarie, who was four years his junior. The fourth child was a girl named Elisabeth, born three days before her father's 31st birthday.

Those who knew him well were aware that Fritzl was no saint – in late October 1967 he had been sentenced

“THOSE WHO KNEW HIM WELL WERE AWARE THAT FRITZL WAS CERTAINLY NO SAINT – IN LATE OCTOBER 1967 HE HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO 18 MONTHS IN PRISON FOR RAPE”



ABOVE The front of the innocuous-looking Fritzl household in Amstetten, Austria. The basement has since been filled with concrete

ABOVE-RIGHT Fritzl's renovations on 40 Ybbsstrasse began in late 1978, his dungeon was finished by the end of 1983 and Elisabeth was incarcerated in August 1984

to 18 months in prison for rape. He had broken into the Kleinmünchen, Linz, home of a 24-year-old nurse, while her husband was away and attacked her as her baby slept in a cot. He was also the prime suspect in the case of an attempted rape. Released in 1969, however, Fritzl's record was later expunged under Austrian law.

On receiving his freedom, he found a job with a building firm in his hometown and in 1972 he bought Seestern, a hotel at Lake Mondsee, which he ran with his wife until 1996. It was huge – 40 rooms in a converted barn over three storeys, three terraces, a bar and a restaurant. It was Fritzl's way of apologising to his wife for the rape.

Back at 40 Ybbsstrasse: the house still had tenants and it was against Austrian law to evict them, so Fritzl waited until they died or moved on. To encourage this, he refused to do any repairs to the rented rooms in the building except replacing a couple of windows. Tenants had no electricity or hot water. It was not until the mid-Sixties that the three eldest children got their own room when old Mrs Klammer died. It would be another ten years before the Fritzls had the house to themselves and his mother.

On 6 November 1978, he got permission from the local council to make substantial alterations to number 40. Among the changes would be a cellar (supposedly a nuclear shelter, a requirement for new houses under Austrian law until 1977).

It would be fair to say that Elisabeth hated her father, and with good reason. Quiet and shy with thick blonde hair, he mistakenly believed that she had some of his characteristics and, as a result, thought that there was a connection between them. He took to spying on her. In 1977, when she was just

11 years old, he raped her for the first time. Rosemarie had taken Ulrike, Rosi and Harald to Italy on holiday, but Fritzl refused to let Elisabeth – known as 'Sissi' in the family – go with her mother and siblings. He had plans for her.

Elisabeth, always an average pupil prone to illness, left school in April 1981 when she was 15 – she had received five grade Ds in an exam – and began studying to become a waitress. At school she had had few friends and was rarely seen out and about in Amstetten. Her father's parsimony meant she was unable to buy the latest fashions – something else that probably alienated her from those at school.

In 1980, the renovations at number 40 well in hand, Fritzl moved into a self-contained flat. He was 45, Sissi was 14, and there was no one to stop him abusing her whenever he wanted, touching her and masturbating in front of her.

There were two discrete sections of the house where Fritzl could play the pater familias and engineer, while the remainder he rented out to tenants to make money. At any given time, there might be up to 30 people living in the apartments at the back of the house. Fritzl's preferred tenants were short-term stayers, the flotsam and jetsam of Austrian life. People who asked no awkward questions and were in receipt of state benefits. Fritzl was a hands-off landlord. It would be Rosemarie who would tell the tenants if they were making too much mess, or if their music was too loud. There were rules: no pets, no photographs to be taken inside and no one was allowed in the garden. Josef's mother, Maria, grew a vegetable patch there and did not trust the other tenants not to steal her home-grown produce.

On 28 January 1983, when she was 16, Elisabeth had ran away from home with Brigitte, a friend from her course, and went to Vienna. Fritzl sent Harald to track down his sister, but he returned his mission unaccomplished. On 16 February, the police caught up with the pair when they were called to a noisy party and returned the girls to their parents.

Only months later, on 14 November 1983, a man from the

“FRITZL HAD CHAINED THE GIRL AND PADLOCKED THE CHAINS, ATTACHING IT TO A FIVE-FEET-LONG DOG LEAD”



council came to inspect Fritzl's handiwork in the cellar. No two rooms there were alike. "Five years it took me to do this," boasted Fritzl. The inspector returned to his office, wrote his report and the cellar passed his inspection. Then Fritzl decided that he needed two more rooms. Paperwork was filed but forgotten about, but not by Fritzl. In 1988, a council worker telephoned him and asked about the two extra rooms. Fritzl told the bureaucrat that it had been too complicated and he had abandoned the work. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Elisabeth rejoined her course, yet by the summer of 1984, now 18, she again planned to escape. She wanted to work as a waitress in Linz and waited for the right moment to escape.

Oddly, it was only in May 1984 that Josef Fritzl came up with the idea as to what to do with the extra rooms. At his trial, the prosecution could not provide any evidence that the crime was premeditated by more than three months.

On the last Tuesday in August 1984, the house empty, Fritzl told Elisabeth that he needed her help to carry a heavy door down to the garage. Fearful of angering her father, she agreed. They struggled to get the door to the garage and leant it against a wall. The garage had a slope and was connected by a door to the cellar.

Suddenly, Fritzl remembered something that he had to tell Elisabeth but in private. He unlocked the door and ushered her inside and told her to take a seat. He left her for a few minutes and she looked around – after all, none of the family had been in there before. It was always kept locked and Fritzl had the only set of keys.

She wondered how much of a telling off she was in for and then she noticed a small handgun on a shelf. Without warning, she felt his cloth-covered right hand cover her nose and mouth and breathed in a pungent odour. Thus began a terror that lasted 8,516 days – almost twenty-five years.

When Elisabeth did not appear on the following day, Josef Fritzl went straight to the police station to report her missing.

WHAT DID ROSEMARIE KNOW?

WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR FRAU FRITZL NOT TO KNOW WHAT HER HUSBAND WAS DOING?

Rosemarie Bayer was still a teenager when she married Josef Fritzl. She was timid, naïve, incurious, afraid of her husband, afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing, afraid of his fearsome temper and naturally afraid of his fists. She did not ask about their missing daughter in the same way that Sonia Sutcliffe did not ask or suspect that Peter, her lorry-driving husband, was a serial killer of prostitutes. When Sissi was put in the dungeon, Fritzl stopped sleeping with his wife, cruelly telling her, "You're too fat for sex." Rosemarie was indiscreet, liked a gossip and constantly moaned about her husband – his meanness, his cruelty and the shame he had brought on the family for raping the woman in Linz. After his arrest in 2008, Fritzl begged Rosemarie to not divorce him, but for once, she showed some strength of character and filed papers. When the full enormity of his abhorrent crimes was eventually revealed, Rosemarie would sit in Elisabeth's basement cell and cry uncontrollably for days on end. Rosemarie was deceived not once but twice by her husband. Following his imprisonment the state seized all his assets and she was left completely penniless. She was not even allowed a stick of furniture from the house. However, the courts accepted that Frau Fritzl had no knowledge of her husband's abominable behaviour and she was not charged with any crimes.

ABOVE Austrian police began searching Fritzl's house in April 2008, nearly 24 years after Elisabeth's imprisonment



Rosemarie Fritzl, shown here on a camping holiday with Josef, knew nothing of her husband's secret

The policeman took notes and asked questions. Fritzl said yes, he had had cause for concern about Sissi – her drinking, smoking, late nights and possible solvent abuse had worried him. It was likely, he thought, that she'd run off to join a cult.

The policeman nodded sympathetically and opened a case file. He told Fritzl to not worry too much. Girls like Sissi turned up – usually. And in the meantime, the police made no real effort to find her. Their incuriosity was shocking – they didn't wonder why a teenage girl had run away from home. They didn't question her father or any members of the family.

When Elisabeth woke up she was disoriented. The cellar was dark and smelled of mildew. More worrying, Fritzl had chained the girl and padlocked the chains, attaching it to a five-foot-long dog lead.

Elisabeth was on a bed – not a mattress thrown on the floor, but a king-sized bed – and behind the foot of the bed an iron post had been screwed into the floor, her chain fastened to that. Her movements were limited.

The cellar was 15ft by 15ft in diameter and the ceiling was 5ft 6in high. As well as the bed, there was a Grundig television, a video recorder, fridge, freezer, washing machine, a sink and cramped bathroom facilities, although her cord did not allow her to reach them. She later noticed there was an electric hotplate. The cutlery was plastic and the doors could only be opened from the outside. It was also soundproof.

Fritzl returned to the cellar and tightened the chains around his daughter. He spoke little, only to tell that it was her fault and that he had never wanted things to escalate to this. Left alone for twenty-four hours, Sissi's thoughts rushed through her mind. What had she done to deserve this? How long would he keep her there?

Fritzl had moved his daughter into the secret cellar, the one that he had told the local council he had abandoned construction on. It was protected by a steel-and-concrete door, which weighed a third of a ton.

On the second day of her imprisonment, Fritzl untied his daughter's wrists, but not before putting an even heavier chain around her waist. The chain allowed her to visit the lavatory, but before she could use it, he launched an attack – punching, kicking and gagging her – that lasted for around 40 excruciating minutes. She screamed but he told her, "They can't hear you so there's no point."

Sissi lay on the bed, beaten, bruised and bloody. He taunted her: "If you don't do what I say it will only get worse. You can't get out of here, anyway."

It was on that second day that Fritzl raped her for the first time during her imprisonment. The ordeal lasted for hours. When she thought that the horrific ordeal was all over, he raped her again and again, prolonging the torment, which lasted for an equally horrific time.

During the sexual assaults, Fritzl did not talk to his daughter. She later told prosecutors, "He could do whatever he wanted... He was acting out sexually everything that had built up in him."

For the two years after she'd returned from her escape to Vienna, Fritzl had left Elisabeth alone, but now he gave free rein to his desires and perversions.

It happened on the third day and on the fourth and on the fifth and every day for months on end – the father raped his daughter twice daily. It became a routine. It is estimated that Fritzl raped his daughter around 3,000 times.

Some time before he locked Elisabeth away, Fritzl had bought some pornographic films. He watched the flicks and then bought dildos and whips that he

DADDY'S DUNGEON

THE UNDERGROUND HOME THAT JOSEF FRITZL BUILT AS A PRISON FOR HIS DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILDREN

From the outside, the house looked perfectly normal, but Fritzl had designed the inside so that it was easy to become disoriented and lost in its confines, with staircases appearing suddenly in the middle of rooms.

It was in the room with the shelves that Sissi was first taken. Her father then squeezed her through the small 3ft 3in high door on the left.

The sleeping areas at the far end were part of the secret cellar that the local council knew nothing about.

The narrow corridor leading towards the bedrooms was added in 1993.

The bedroom shared by the children, Kerstin, Stefan and Felix.

Elisabeth's bedroom, featuring a bed, a television and video player so that Fritzl could watch porn films with her. She had her own room so he could rape her in privacy, away from their three children.

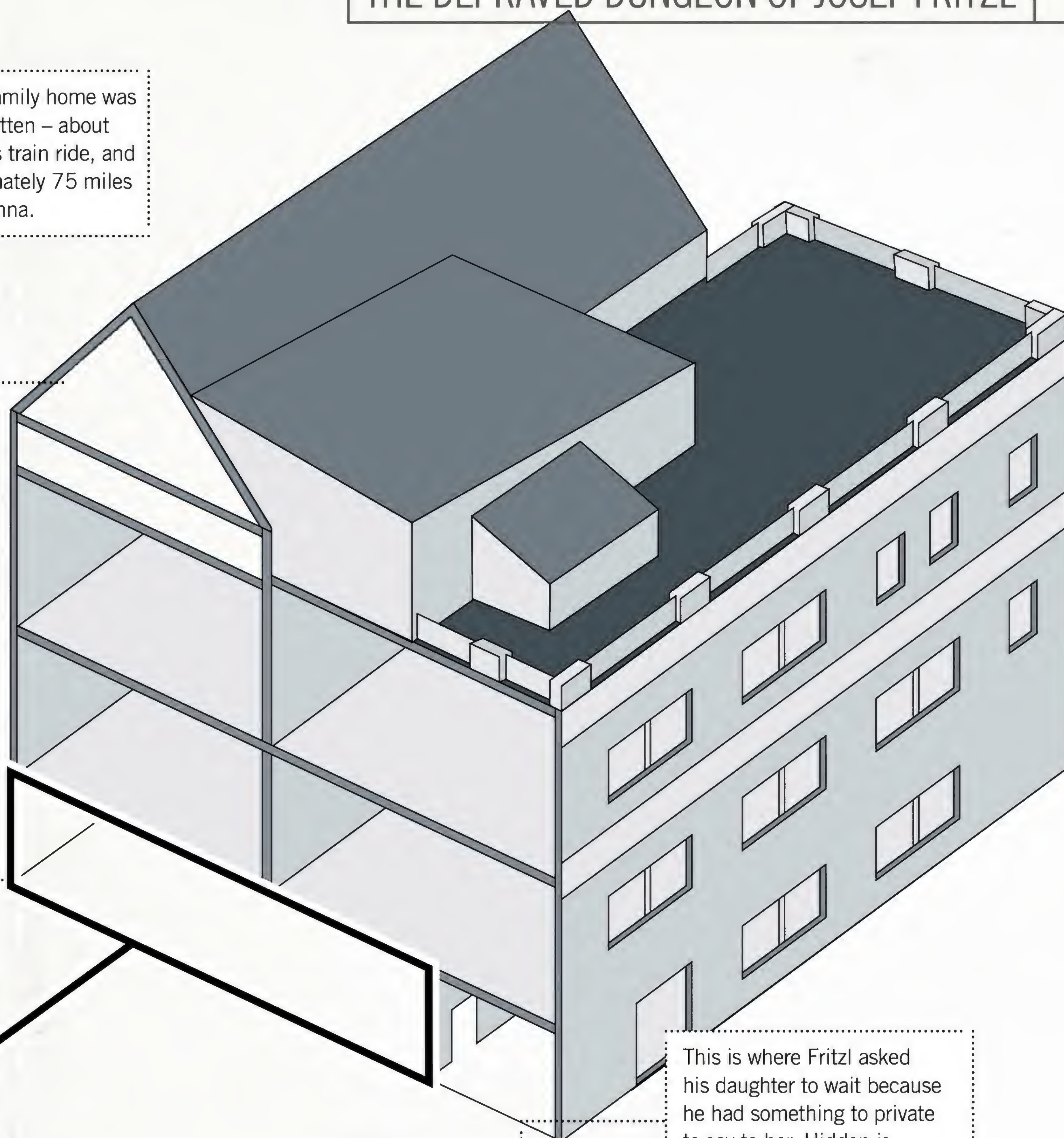
A narrow passage way led to Elisabeth's bedroom. Fritzl often warned his daughter that shouting for help was futile as the passage was soundproof.



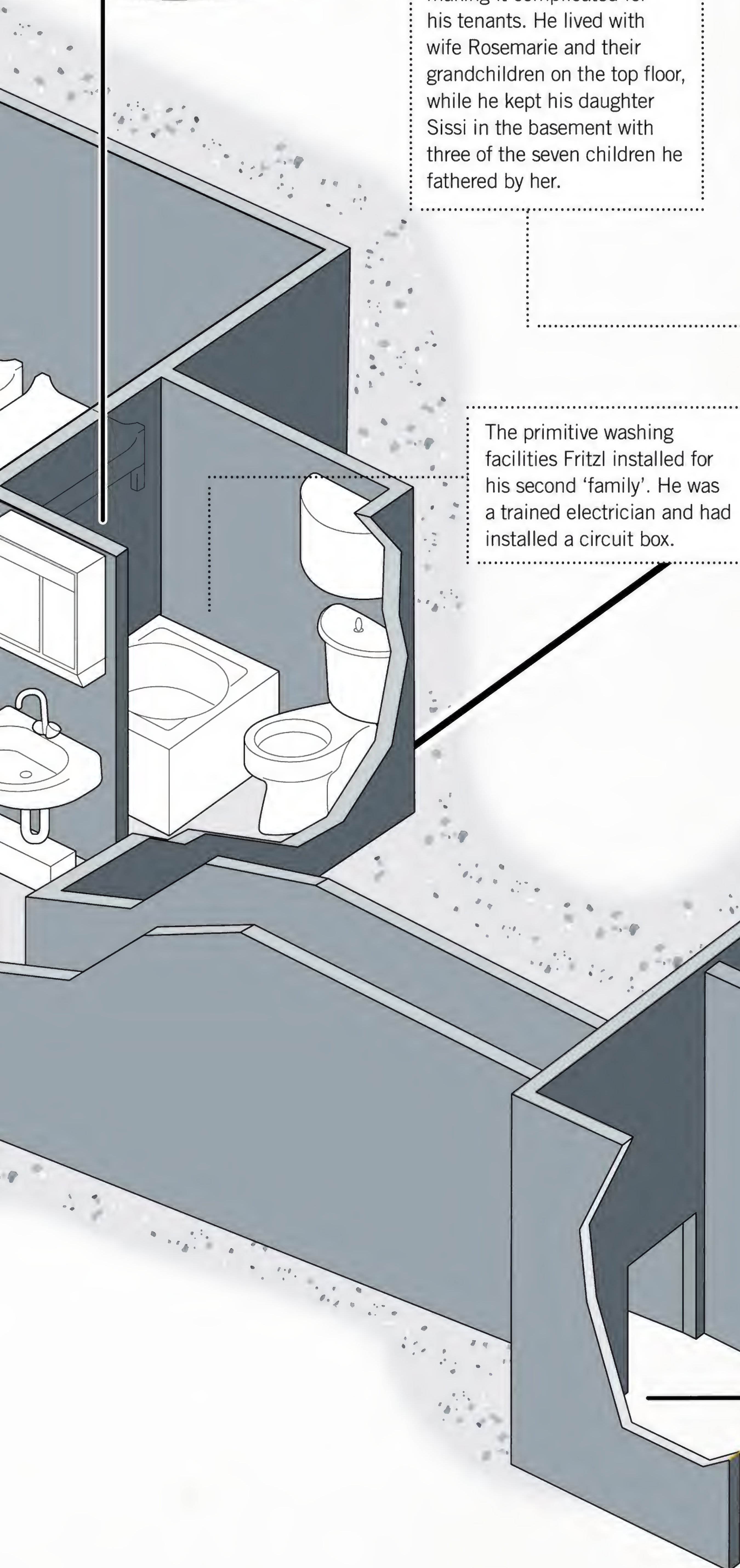
Fritzl's family home was in Amstetten – about an hour's train ride, and approximately 75 miles from Vienna.

Fritzl redesigned the house, making it complicated for his tenants. He lived with wife Rosemarie and their grandchildren on the top floor, while he kept his daughter Sissi in the basement with three of the seven children he fathered by her.

The primitive washing facilities Fritzl installed for his second 'family'. He was a trained electrician and had installed a circuit box.



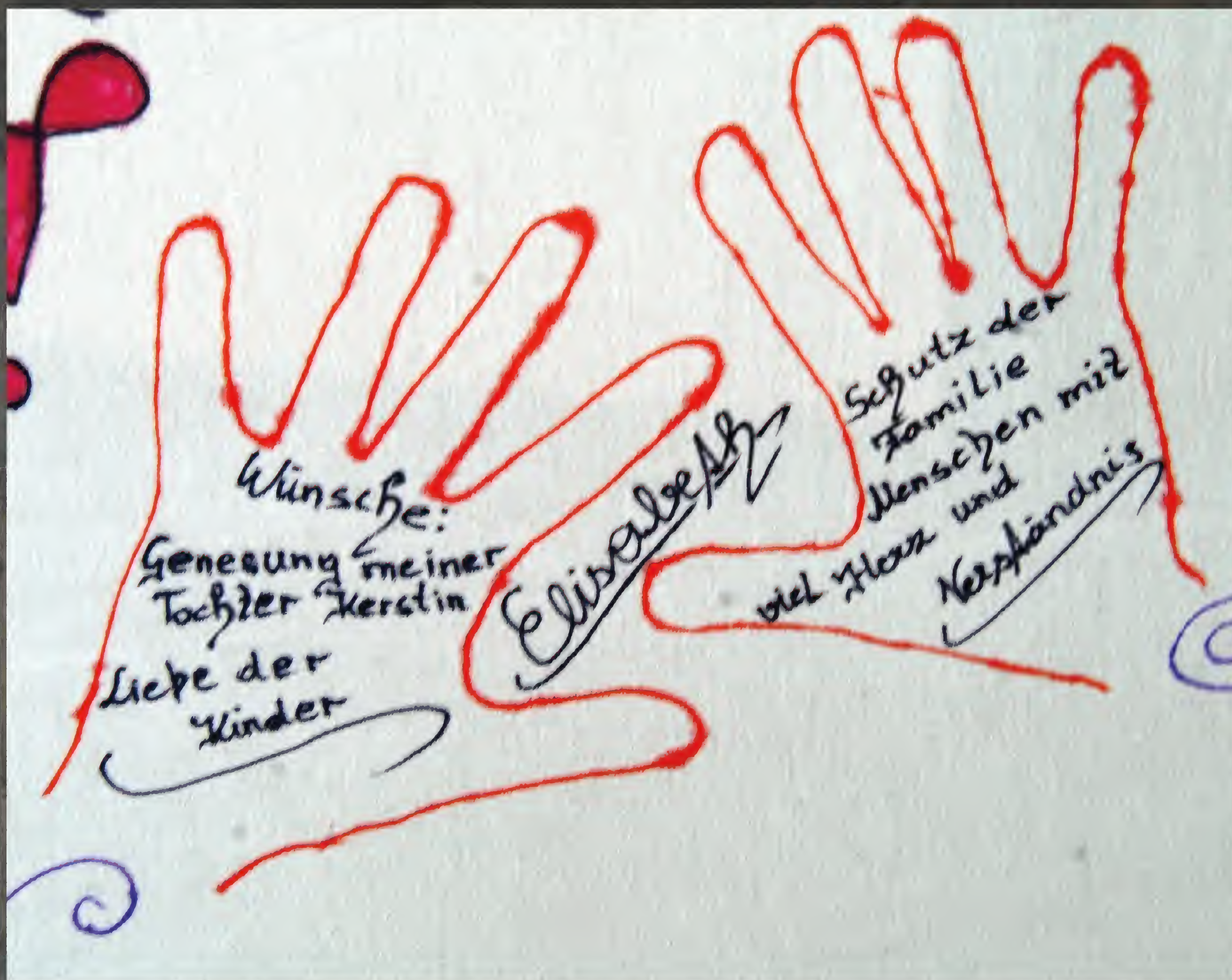
This is where Fritzl asked his daughter to wait because he had something to private to say to her. Hidden is the furnace in which he burned the corpse of three-day-old Michael. He also contemplated cremating Kerstin there if she died in spring 2008.



The prison was hidden by a panel disguised by a large cupboard.



“ IF HE BELIEVED SHE WAS BEING WILFUL OR DISOBEDIENT, FRITZL TOOK AWAY ELISABETH’S CLOTHES, LEAVING HER NAKED AND SHIVERING ”



ABOVE Part of a poster made by the family of Josef Fritzl (including Elisabeth's signature), in a shop window in Amstetten

ABOVE-RIGHT Josef Fritzl paces in the exercise yard of Stein prison, serving a life sentence for murder (by denying Elisabeth's child medical care), rape, coercion, incest and deprivation of liberty

had seen the actresses in them use. That was why he had provided a television and video recorder – it was not to allow his daughter some respite and to pass the time. As with everything in Fritzl's life, it was about his pleasure, his selfishness.

Fritzl took the films and the sex toys into the basement and made his daughter watch the films with him and used the dildos on herself while he pleased himself.

In September, he took pen and paper into the cellar and ordered Sissi to write a letter to her parents. She refused.

A week later on 21 September – after seven brutal days of beatings, starvation and no light – Fritzl drove a hundred miles to Braunau an Inn, the birthplace in 1889 of Adolf Hitler, the man that Fritzl had saluted in the street more than 40 years earlier, and posted it.

It arrived the next day and Fritzl tore it open. In the letter, Elisabeth reassured them that “I am with people who care about me and I am safe. Please do not worry about me or come and look for me.” He showed it to his wife before taking it to the police.

If he believed that she was being wilful or disobedient, Fritzl took away Elisabeth's clothes, leaving her naked and shivering in the secret cellar. He would leave her in the dark for days. The slightest infraction could set him off on another round of punishment beatings.

In the May of 1985, he removed the chain from around her waist. It was not to make life easier for her, but for him. After all, the chain was getting in the way when he raped her.

He left the chain off but told her that there were hidden sensors in the doors and if she tried to open one, it would

gas and electrocute her. It wasn't true but it added to her relentless psychological torture. Sometimes the beatings that he administered left Elisabeth seriously ill, and on more than one occasion he feared she might die. His solution was to bring her aspirin.

She looked for a chance to escape whenever he entered her domain but he, too, was always on his guard and an opportunity never arose. Fritzl always referred to the cellar as a “bunker”, perhaps after the shelters that he had spent many hours in during the Second World War avoiding Allied bombing. This bunker offered no shelter for Elisabeth, however, and she became pregnant by her father eight times.

August 1986 saw her become pregnant for the first time. Fritzl was pleased and told Sissi that she should be grateful that he had given her what every woman wants – a baby. In November 1986, she miscarried the baby in the 10th week. Not long after, with a broom she killed a rat that had entered the cellar looking for food. The vermin was almost eight inches in length.

By January 1988, Elisabeth Fritzl was once again pregnant. On 30 August she gave birth to Kerstin – all alone. There was no midwife, no medical assistance of any kind. Naturally fearful that something might go wrong – particularly giving birth for the first time – the 22 year old was terrified.

Stefan soon followed in February 1990, with a second daughter named Lisa born on 29 August 1992. Fritz and Rosemarie adopted Lisa after Elisabeth supposedly gave her up on 19 May 1993.

On 26 February 1994, Monika was born. Elisabeth's next birth produced twins, Alexander and Michael, on 28 April 1996, but Michael died three days later under mysterious circumstances. Hiding his existence, Fritzl cremated Michael in the household furnace, while he and Rosemarie raised both Alexander and Monika upstairs with their older sister, Lisa. Fritzl's last incestuous child was Felix, who was born in December 2002.

“THE BEATINGS THAT HE ADMINISTERED LEFT ELISABETH SERIOUSLY ILL, AND ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION HE FEARED SHE MIGHT DIE”

THE FRITZL FAMILY TREE

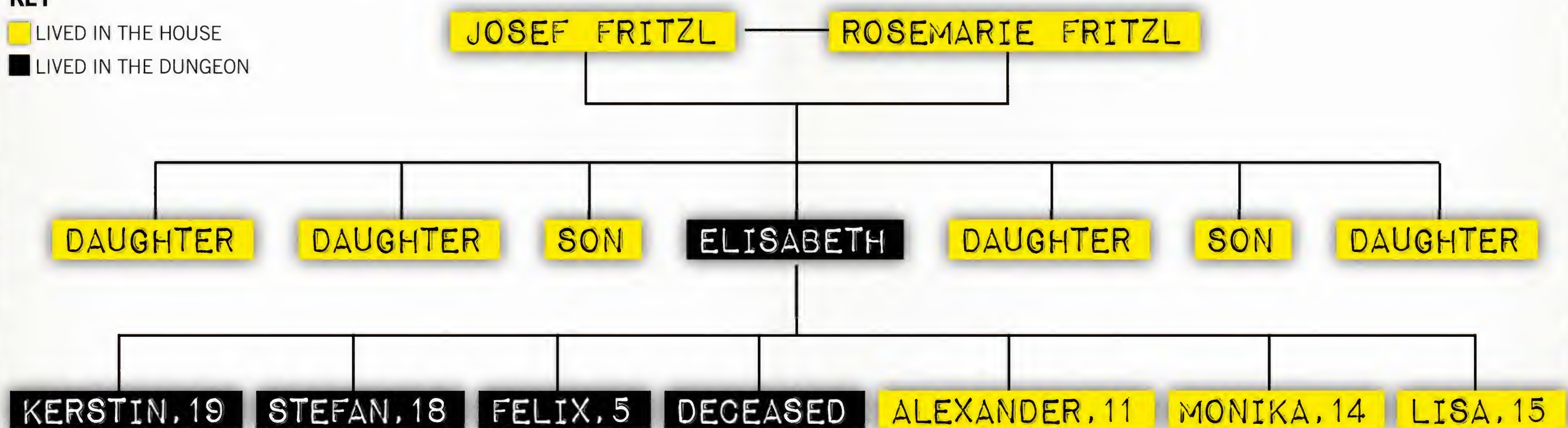
In June 1956, Josef Fritzl married 17-year old Rosemarie Bayer. They had seven children: two sons and five daughters – Ulrike (b. 17 June 1957), Rosemarie (b. 11 May 1960), Harald (b. 7 September 1963), Elisabeth (b. 8 April 1966), twins Josef and Gabriele (b. 5 January 1971) and

Doris (b. 28 December 1972). By his daughter, Fritzl fathered another seven children, beginning with Kerstin in after his daughter's confinement. In May 1993, their daughter Lisa was found in a cardboard box outside the family home, supposedly left by Elisabeth. There was a letter

asking for the child to be cared for. Rosemarie adopted her granddaughter and unknowingly her step-daughter. Lisa was nine months old, but weighed just 12lb and measured only 24 inches. Two more children would join their grandmother upstairs.

KEY

- LIVED IN THE HOUSE
- LIVED IN THE DUNGEON



As the brood increased, the prison grew in size. Fritzl made his daughter carry out the work. Her reward was that he would rape her in one of the new rooms rather than in front of their children. Fritz used his skill to install electronic locks on each of the rooms' doors, and locked the main door with a remote code. Months turned into years and it seemed as if the torment would never end. Then suddenly it did.

Kerstin, 19 years old at the time, fell seriously ill. She was having a fit, blood pouring from her mouth, before she quickly fell into a coma. Elisabeth pleaded with her father to take their daughter for medical treatment. Fritzl waited until Rosemarie was on holiday at Lake Maggiore and then, in the early hours of 19 April 2008, Kerstin left the cellar for the very first time in her life. Fritzl, by now aged 73, could not carry her alone, and so Sissi also left the cellar for the first time since 1984. However, once Kerstin was in the house, Elisabeth was ordered back to the cellar. An ambulance was quickly summoned and Kerstin was taken to the Mostviertel-Amstetten State Hospital.

Fritzl stayed at home to rehearse his story. When he finally arrived at the hospital, he said that his daughter had joined a cult and, for the fourth time, had left one of her offspring on her parents' front door. Dr Albert Reiter did not believe Fritzl's tale for one second. Kerstin was not just ill – she was malnourished and virtually toothless.

At 10.37am on 20 April, the police were called. Kerstin's body had shut down, and she suffered major organ failure. She was put on a respirator and a kidney dialysis machine and given the Last Rites.

Dr Reiter persuaded the hospital's PR department to put out an urgent call for Kerstin's mother to come forward and provide information about her daughter's medical history, and the team even published the photograph of Elisabeth that Fritzl had provided 24 years earlier when she originally went 'missing'. It was on this occasion, however, that the police took the case seriously.

“FRITZL CLAIMED THAT HE WAS “BORN TO RAPE”, BUT PLEADED GUILTY TO THE CHARGES OF MURDER BY NEGLIGENCE OF MICHAEL”

A week later, Fritzl let Elisabeth, 42, but grey-haired, toothless and looking 20 years older, as well as her three children, leave the cellar for good. Upon release, Elisabeth was arrested on suspicion of maltreating her daughter.

For a time, she stuck to her story that she had run off to a cult. Finally, when the police promised that she and her children would never have to see Fritzl again, Elisabeth broke she told them the whole sordid story.

On 14 November 2008, Josef Fritzl was charged with the murder of his son, Michael. His trial began at 9.30am on Monday 16 March 2009 and Fritzl covered his face with a blue binder as he took his seat in the St Pölten courtroom. Judge Andrea Humer was in charge of the four-day event. Defending his actions, Fritzl claimed that he was “born to rape”, but pleaded guilty to the charges of the murder by negligence of Michael, and the enslavement, incest, rape, coercion and false imprisonment of Elisabeth.

Dr Adelheid Kästner, a psychiatrist who interviewed Fritzl many times before the trial, said that he believed that Fritzl's terrible experiences as a child at the hands of a brutal and unloving mother had driven him to want to “control somebody completely”. Fritzl was sentenced to life imprisonment. In 2009, he began writing to Elisabeth asking for sympathy, understanding... and money.


Elisabeth and her six children now live under assumed names in a brightly painted two-storey house a few miles from Amstetten. She was given the house worth £680,000, a £54,000 lump sum and a pension in the region of £3,400 a month. She shuns all media interviews and has turned down lucrative book offers to tell her story.

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman. The man, Alton Coleman, is in the foreground, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He has dark, curly hair and a mustache. The woman, Debra Brown, is slightly behind him to the right, also looking at the camera. She has dark hair and a mustache. The background is blurred, showing other people. There are several red blood splatters on the image, particularly around the text.

PSYCHOPATHS IN PLAIN SIGHT

TO PASSERS-BY, ALTON COLEMAN AND DEBRA BROWN APPEARED A NORMAL, LOVING COUPLE. BUT THEY WERE VIOLENT, HUNTED FUGITIVES, WANTED IN SIX MIDWEST STATES FOR RAPE AND MURDER

WORDS DANIEL D WOODCROFT



The schoolgirl had vanished. It must be okay, thought her mother, Juanita Wheat. Her new boyfriend was with her eldest child. He seemed charming, normal and had taken her nine-year-old daughter, Vernita, to pick up a stereo after returning from a carnival. But the evening grew late and, by 11pm on that late-spring day in 1984, Juanita was desperate to find her girl. She dashed out onto the streets in her Midwest hometown of Kenosha, Wisconsin, looking frantically for little Vernita and the man she knew as Robert Knight.

After an hour of searching, knocking on doors and calling friends, she decided that she had to phone the police. They asked about her new boyfriend. She described him as magnetic, handsome and nice. Police crews were dispatched. They searched the carnival but there was no sign of the good-looking man and the schoolgirl. Juanita had an address for him in town. Police went there, only to find it didn't exist.

Lieutenant Marc Hansen of the Waukegan Police Department later told a documentary team: "Kenosha

Police have Juanita come into their station. They don't have a Robert Knight in any records, so they have her go through their mug shot books and she picks out the picture that she thought was Robert Knight but in actuality is Alton Coleman."

The name Alton Coleman made the police worried, and the fact he'd been pretending to be someone else, that was a reason to fear for Vernita Wheat's life.

A SMOOTH-TALKER NAMED 'PISSY'

Alton Coleman had been well-known to police for most of his 28 years. He had started out as a juvenile petty criminal and arsonist and had developed into a fully fledged rapist who used cunning and a respectable veneer to fool juries and evade justice. He had grown up in Waukegan, a city 16 miles south across the Illinois state border from Kenosha.

“THE DETECTIVES’ WORST FEARS WERE CONFIRMED – A VIOLENT SOCIOPATH WAS ON THE RUN AND HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE”

Coleman was the son of a prostitute and lived with his 73-year-old grandmother. In the neighbourhood, he was given the nickname 'Pissy' due to his unfortunate habit of wetting himself.

Soon, Pissy's behaviour became as uncontrollable as his bladder. As a boy he smashed windows and set fire to buildings on his housing project, but what really struck fear into the hearts of those detectives looking for Vernita Wheat was his long history of sexual assaults. Between 1973 and 1983 he had been charged with six rapes, but he either managed to persuade victims to drop the charges or juries acquitted this 'smooth-as-silk' defendant.

And he believed he was also protected by a higher force. He was devoted to Voodoo, he told friends, and this apparently made him impervious to the long arm of the law.

But while he beat the sexual assault raps, he pleaded guilty to a robbery charge. While spending two years in a correctional facility, Coleman gained a reputation as a sexual predator, raping fellow male inmates. Prison psychiatric records described him as a 'Pansexual, willing to have intercourse with any object, man, woman or child.' And frighteningly for Vernita Wheat's family and detectives searching for her in May 1984, he was on the run after raping a 14-year-old girl at knifepoint in a Chicago suburb.

The heat was on Kenosha and Waukegan police, who joined forces in the hunt for Vernita and the man detectives assumed had abducted her: Alton Coleman. They searched Coleman's last-known address – his grandmother's home. Old and blind, she offered little help, but there was another woman in the apartment. Her name was Debra Brown, and she claimed she was Coleman's girlfriend.

Police brought Brown in for questioning. Brown was 21, one of 11 children and had a clean record. No prior contact with the police. She admitted Coleman had vanished overnight on the day of Vernita's disappearance, and when he'd returned the next morning he'd been acting strangely.

"Debra Brown seemed to be cooperative with us," said Lieutenant Marc Hansen. "She seemed to give us the

information freely." Brown claimed ignorance and innocence. Police believed her and let her go. The hunt continued across two states – Wisconsin and Illinois. Alton Coleman was seen by a police officer but he ran away. Detectives returned to his grandmother's apartment only to find that now Debra Brown had vanished, too.

With the disappearance of the pair and the evidence of Coleman's dangerous record, a federal jury indicted both of them for the kidnap of Vernita Wheat.

Vernita's terrified family and detectives eventually learnt the schoolgirl's fate three weeks after she'd gone missing. Two men had tried to get into an abandoned building in Waukegan on 19 June, and there they found the decomposing body of the little girl wedged in the doorway of a bathroom. Vernita's hands and legs had been tied with a cable. She had been strangled.

Scenes of crime officers dusted for fingerprints and found a thumbprint on the door. It matched Coleman's records. That confirmed detectives' worst fears: they had a killer on the loose. A violent sociopath was on the run and he had an accomplice.

"There was a lot of fear because we had not caught him," Lieutenant Marc Hansen said. "We didn't know where he was. Was he still on the streets of Waukegan? Was he in Kenosha?" The answer was neither. What followed was a six-state spree of murder and rape, which shocked America to its core.

HORROR IN THE WOODS

Gary, Indiana was a declining former steel mill city 25 miles south of Downtown Chicago. It was famous for its industrial past and being the birthplace of Michael Jackson.

On 18 June a nine-year-old girl, Annie Hilliard, was found wandering, confused, in a wooded area of the crumbling city. She was taken to hospital where an examination showed she had been beaten, choked and sexually assaulted. She told police that she and her seven-year-old niece, Tamika, had been taken to the wooded area by a man and woman. There, they were attacked. Detectives went to the scene and found the lifeless body of Tamika Turks. She had been strangled and sexually assaulted. The survivor gave detectives a description of her attackers. It matched the image of Alton Coleman, and he had a female accomplice.

Court documents describe what happened. Annie and Tamika had been walking back from a candy store when they were confronted by Coleman and Brown. The killers persuaded the girls to 'play a game' in the nearby wooded area. They tore Tamika's shirt from her and ripped it into strips, which they used to bind and gag the girls. When Tamika began to cry, Brown held her nose and mouth while Coleman stamped on her chest. The nine-year-old was then sexually assaulted and strangled until she was unconscious. She was left for dead, but somehow survived.

More than 100 police and federal agents were now searching for the depraved couple, but Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were able to evade the law and continue their sexually charged bloodthirsty odyssey around the Midwest. As police hunted them, they built up a picture of their relationship. The couple had met a year before, in 1983. Brown was analysed as being intellectually disabled, had a low IQ and would later be diagnosed with Passive Dependent Personality Disorder.

"Coleman deliberately had the mindset of choosing Debra Brown," Dr Helen Morrison, a forensic psychiatrist,

ABOVE Alton Coleman in court during jury selection at Hamilton County Common Pleas Court, in April 1985. He was charged with the murder of Marlene Walters and would later be convicted of her death

RIGHT Oline Carmical, who was kidnapped by the devious duo, claimed in an interview after his ordeal that he was "just relieved to be alive"



told documentary makers on the USA's *Wicked Attraction* TV series. "He somehow knew that she was the perfect partner. She sees him as kind and caring. She sees him as wanting to make her life wonderful. And she falls under the spell because she will do anything to have this man in her life."

But their appetite for murder continued unchecked. The day Tamika Turks' body was found, a 25-year-old woman from Gary, Indiana, disappeared. Donna Williams was a churchgoer and had been befriended by a charming man in his late 20s who'd said he wanted to make a confession. A week later her car was found abandoned in Detroit, Michigan. There was no sign of Donna, but police found a false identity card bearing the image of Alton Coleman.

The pair had moved on in their roadtrip of rape and murder. Two days after Donna Williams vanished, a Detroit woman reported that she had been kidnapped at knifepoint by a young black couple. They'd ordered her to drive to



Toledo, Ohio. She'd rammed her car into oncoming traffic to flee her captors. She later gave investigators descriptions of her captors. They matched those of Coleman and Brown.

FBI Special Agent John Anthony told reporters at the time how he thought the couple were able to evade police: "We've come to the conclusion that Coleman and Brown are staying with people they meet. They spend a day or two with the people, get a little money gambling with them and then assault and rob them and steal their car."

"This wasn't two hardened gang people walking down the street that everybody would fear – they looked like a couple and were able to prey on anybody," Lieutenant Marc Hansen later said.

They were serial killers operating in plain sight. And the bloody binge continued.

In Ohio, on 5 July, Coleman befriended a young mother called Virginia Temple. A couple of days later, her relatives tried to contact her, without luck. They became so concerned

that they called the police, who entered the home. Inside they found four of her children alone and frightened. The body of Virginia Temple was found in a crawl space under the home. She had been gagged with a baby's tee-shirt. She lay alongside the body of her eldest daughter, nine-year-old Rachelle. They had both been sexually assaulted. Coleman's footprint was found at the scene.

"Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were very sloppy," said Dr Morrison. "But it wasn't that they wanted to get caught. There was an arrogance to their crimes."

INTERSTATE MURDER

7 July was to prove to be a busy day in Coleman and Brown's horrific rampage. Hours after murdering Virginia and Rachelle, they approached an elderly couple, Frank and Dorothy Duvendack, at their Toledo home. They were interested in a car that was for sale along the road. Once inside their home, Coleman produced a gun and held it to their heads. He and Brown used appliance cables to tie up the elderly pair before stealing money, their car and a watch belonging to Dorothy.

A few days later, on 11 July, back in Detroit, an anonymous phone call to Wayne State University alerted police to an abandoned building. There, the remains of Donna Williams were discovered. She had been strangled with a pair of tights.

“ VIRGINIA TEMPLE'S BODY WAS FOUND UNDER HER HOME, ALONGSIDE THAT OF HER NINE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER ”

Her mother later identified her by clothing and a pair of earrings. Investigators believed Donna Williams had been killed soon after entering the derelict building.

By now, the pair were wanted in five states and investigators were questioning what motivated this bloodthirsty spree. Some detectives believed that as all but one of their victims were of African-American descent that Coleman had an intensive hatred of blacks. A friend of his family is reported to have put it down to an inability to deal with his homosexual tendencies. "He used to dress up like a woman a lot. It was well known that he had different habits than a normal male," the friend said.

The killers tended to not stalk their victims – instead, they chose them randomly. There was no ritual to their murders. Coleman was a 'disorganised' serial killer. His victims fulfilled his depraved sexual urges. They were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Gary Hart, an FBI Special Agent, told news crews at the time: "He will go into neighbourhoods in order to get whatever items he needs for survival. This is independent of his effort to obtain young black girls for his deviate purposes."

Coleman was clearly the leader, but Brown was an active participant. "Debra Brown was under his spell," Dr Morrison told film-makers. "She was in lust, and she's in love. She also knew that whatever Alton told her to do, she would do. Even though she knew it was wrong. The dynamic of this couple is that they almost become one. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown became one organism. The organism that Coleman and Brown became fed on these murders. It maintained their relationship."



ABOVE Coleman soon after his arrest. He was stopped in a park in Evanston, Illinois. He was found with a knife hidden between two socks



On 11 July 1984, Coleman and Brown provided further proof of the need to catch them quickly to stem their vile orgy of murder. Tonnie Storey, a 15-year-old student from Over-the-Rhine area of Cincinnati disappeared. Her family and investigators feared the terrible team of Coleman and Brown had struck again.

MOST WANTED

Police resources in several states were concentrated on finding the fugitives. There were press appeals and inquiry rooms were besieged with calls from folk who thought they had seen them. None of these calls led anywhere. Coleman and Brown were in the public eye, but now the FBI made Coleman a special 11th addition to the USA's 'Ten Most-Wanted list'. This seldom-used publicity technique is applied when there is a fugitive who is a clear and present danger to the public.

Two days after Tonnie's disappearance, on 13 July 1984, Coleman and Brown cycled into Norwood, a city on the outskirts of Cincinnati, Ohio. They needed to steal a car. They saw an advert for a camping trailer for sale and called at the seller's home. His name was Harry Walters. He invited the respectable-looking couple in and started talking about the trailer. Coleman picked up a candlestick, admiringly, and then hit Walters across the back of the head, knocking him unconscious.

Later that day, Mr Walters' daughter came home from work to find her parents lying, bound, at the bottom of their cellar steps. They had been tied with electrical cords. Her mother, Marlene, was dead, covered in a bloody sheet. The 44-year-old Sunday school teacher's head had been struck more than 20 times, but her father was alive, just. He would remain in a coma for weeks. He would see neither the death nor the funeral of his wife of 26 years.

"I've seen brutal homicides, but these are Number One. They were cruel, savage," said Norwood Police's Captain Thomas Williams.

Harry Walters' Plymouth Valiant had vanished – the killers were on the run.

Coleman and Brown headed to a new state: Kentucky. They abandoned Harry Walters' car in a cornfield and were on the look-out for new wheels. On 16 July, a college professor, Oline Carmical, returned to his hotel in Lexington after finishing for the day at the University of Kentucky. As he was locking his car he said he suddenly felt 'a couple of pistols at my temples'.

"We want all your money. Is your life worth more than your money?" was the demand. The college professor was made to call his wife, coerced into telling her he had a gambling debt, and would be killed unless she brought all the money from their savings to a phonebox in nearby Richmond.

The exchange never happened. Instead, Coleman and Brown bundled the professor into his trunk and drove him around Lexington before abandoning his car in Dayton, Ohio. Professor Carmical was one of the lucky ones – he survived his brush with Coleman and Brown.

In Dayton, the pair returned to the home of an elderly churchman, Reverend Millard Gay and his wife Kathryn. They had unknowingly helped the fugitives the previous week, letting them stay overnight and inviting them to a church service. But when the Gays opened the door and saw Coleman and Brown on 17 July, they had seen the killers' faces all over the news. Coleman raised a gun. The reverend said: "Why do you want to do us like that, like this?"

THE COLEMAN FILES

COLEMAN HAD A LONG HISTORY OF SEXUAL ASSAULT. HOW HAD HE EVADED PRISON FOR THOSE CHARGES, DESPITE BEING LINKED WITH SO MANY PRIOR RAPES?

Alton Coleman should not have been on the streets, if justice had caught up with him as it should have. But he always performed well in court and juries bought his story. "He tells a convincing story in court. People are impressed with his testimony. He comes off as a decent person," said Lieutenant Marc Hansen to reporters when Coleman and Brown were on the run.

In 1983, a relative went to the authorities to tell them Coleman had tried to rape her eight-year-old daughter. Three weeks later, the same family member asked a court for the charges to be dropped. "I think the woman, as she stands here today, is terrified of this man," the judge told the court.

But for years he had been accused of sexual assaults. In 1983 he was charged with the kidnap, robbery and rape of an elderly woman. She refused to testify about the sexual assault. He was acquitted of another rape in the mid-to-late 1970s. Three rape counts all concluded with Coleman being acquitted or charges dropped.

When he went on the run with Debra Brown in 1984, he was wanted for the knifepoint rape of a girl who was the daughter of a friend. Had he been found guilty of any of these, he may not have been at large when the switch flipped and he went on his murderous rampage.



ABOVE Most Wanted: the images used by the FBI when it made a special addition to its 'Ten Most Wanted' list in 1984

"I'm not going to kill you, but we generally kill them where we go," was the murderer's blunt reply. He then beat the couple senseless and stole the family car.

The body of Tonnie Storey was discovered on 19 July in an abandoned apartment building in the outskirts of Cincinnati. She had been raped and strangled. A bracelet belonging to Virginia Temple was found under Tonnie's body.

"I think Coleman, with the assistance of Brown, was starting to enjoy the celebrity status of being a serial murderer," said Lieutenant Hansen. "He left evidence. He knew he was going to be identified as the murderer."

In Tonnie Storey's case, there was a further message, written on a wall near where her body was found: 'I hate niggers. Death' was scrawled near the site of the 15-year-old's remains.



ABOVE The former fugitives together in court. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown would soon be convicted in their first trial – the kidnap of Oline Carmical

THE DYNAMICS OF THE MURDERERS

THE COMPLEXITY OF COLEMAN AND BROWN'S PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKE-UP HAS FASCINATED – AND HORRIFIED – INVESTIGATORS. WAS DEBRA BROWN AS DOMINEERED AS SHE CLAIMED?

During the trials, investigators watched to see how the couple worked, and their theory that Coleman was the domineering partner proved correct. Despite the threat of the death penalty, Debra Brown remained loyal to her psychotic lover.

"She was highly protective of him. She was extremely reluctant, which is unusual for many defendants, to tell her story," Dr Helen Morrison, a forensic psychiatrist, told documentary makers on the USA's *Wicked Attraction* TV series. "Whereas, on the other hand, Alton Coleman just saw her as a disposable piece of property. He had no emotional attachment to her. And would have killed Debra Brown at any point in time when he felt she was not going to be at his beck and call." The same expert said Brown became a murderer because of Alton Coleman – he knew her vulnerabilities and exploited them to get her to do his bidding.

In 1991, the outgoing Governor of Ohio agreed and commuted Brown's death penalty sentence because of her mental immaturity and oppression by Coleman.

Meanwhile, Coleman and Brown were fleeing, heading to his home state of Illinois. But there was still another opportunity to kill. They stopped at a carwash in Indianapolis, Indiana, owned by 77-year-old Eugene Scott. He disappeared, along with his car. His body was later found in a ditch. He had been shot four times in the head.

By now the Midwest was gripped with fear. Alton Coleman and Debra Brown had struck in six separate states, hijacking, robbing, raping and killing. The couple targeted young girls for sexual pleasure and older, kinder folk for their belongings. They were purposely seeking out the vulnerable and kind-hearted.

And as Coleman's name moved up the 'Most Wanted' list, detectives analysed the couple's dynamic further. He was clearly the dominant partner, but was Brown submissive or willing? Or maybe both? The FBI interviewed Brown's mother, Lottie Mae, who told agents that her daughter's personality had changed dramatically after she had met Coleman, that she stopped speaking to her family after they got together and that she had seen her daughter's face 'all beaten up' during their relationship. But others suggest Brown was no hostage – she was a willing participant, even being the one to approach victims.

“ COLEMAN AND BROWN HAD STRUCK IN SIX SEPARATE STATES, HIJACKING, ROBBING, RAPING AND KILLING ”

The FBI had profiled Coleman and Brown and predicted the couple would return to his hometown of Waukegan, Illinois. Patrol and police officers were briefed. 'Wanted' posters were put all over the nearby neighbourhoods.

CAPTURE

Investigators were right. On 20 July, in the nearby Illinois district of Evanston, the pair were spotted by a man who knew Coleman from Waukegan. The witness drove to a petrol station and called police with a description and location. Crews were dispatched. In Mason Park, police stopped a man who bore a strong resemblance to the most notorious killer in the country. He denied he was Alton Coleman, but he carried no identification.

At the same time, a woman was seen trying to slip out of the park from the rear. She was apprehended too, and it was discovered she had a gun in her bag. The couple were taken to a police station for questioning; a steak knife was found between Coleman's two layers of socks. The couple would be later identified by their fingerprints.

Their spree was over. Their six-state trail of terror bore terrifying statistics. In less than two months, the pair had been responsible, investigators believed, for eight homicides, seven rapes, three kidnappings and 14 armed robberies.

"You could feel a sigh of relief that this person was no longer at large," Lake County State's Attorney Fred Foreman said. "Coleman was a predator, and like any other predator, he lurked in the depths of the inner city, preying on the weak and those unable to protect themselves."

But the fight for justice was just about to begin. Which case to try first? Prosecutors from all the states got together and decided. The first trial would be not for a killing, but



another death sentence after being convicted of the murder of the 15-year-old Cincinnati schoolgirl Tonnie Storey. Coleman's murder of Tamika Turks, the nine-year-old girl he had killed in woods in Gary, Indiana, saw him gain a third death sentence. He was then extradited to Illinois, where he was tried for the murder of his first victim, Vernita Wheat. In January 1986, a jury convicted him of the seven-year-old's murder. He was given another death sentence. That decision propelled Alton Coleman into the legal history books: he became the first man to receive death sentences in three separate American states. The condemned man then began the long process of appealing his sentences.

Debra Brown's death sentence was commuted by the Governor of Ohio in 1991. The reasons given: she was mildly retarded and was in a master-slave relationship with Alton Coleman.

And what about her 'master'? Alton Coleman was fast exhausting all of his appeals, and by 2002, he was spent. He had lost all of his legal challenges. He spent more than 6,000 days on Death Row. Prison officials described him as a 'model' inmate who loved the publicity and notoriety he had earned through his slayings of vulnerable girls and the elderly.

Then, on an April morning in 2002, at a correctional centre in Southern Ohio, 46-year-old Alton Coleman was led into the chamber. The families of victims are usually permitted to watch killers' executions, but for this lethal injection, there was simply not enough room. A closed-circuit television system was set up to allow the large number of grieving relatives to view the execution.

Three different chemicals were administered. Alton Coleman died within minutes.

One of those watching was Harry Walters, the husband left for dead bound next to his battered wife. With his son and son-in-law at his side, he watched Alton Coleman take his final breath. Perhaps he felt that his wife's murderer was offered a dignity in death that she was not. Perhaps the families of his other seven victims felt the same.

Debra Brown was not there. She remains in a cell in an Indiana prison. Her death sentence was commuted by the state Attorney General's Office in 2018. She will spend the rest of her life behind bars. Almost four decades after she was coerced to kill, perhaps she rues the day she met Alton Coleman, the lover who led her to murder.

a kidnapping. And it would be held in Ohio, a state that practised capital punishment.

In January 1985, Coleman and Brown were each given 20-year prison sentences for kidnapping Oline Carmical, the professor they'd held up at gunpoint in Kentucky and bundled into his own car boot.

Soon, the families of the pair's murder victims began to see justice. In May of that year, Alton Coleman and Debra Brown were convicted of the murder of Marlene Waters, the pensioner they had tied up and beaten along with her husband in their Norwood, Ohio, home. For this, they were sentenced to death. The following month they received

ABOVE Harry Walters, who Coleman attacked with a wooden candlestick in his home in Norwood, Ohio, pictured at a clemency hearing in 2002. Coleman murdered Harry's wife Marlene

THE LAST SUPPER

COLEMAN'S FURIOUS APPETITE CONTINUED UNTIL THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION IN 2002

Alton Coleman's hunger did not stop at murder. His 'last supper' was one of the largest-ever recorded for a condemned man. On 25 April 2002, he sat down for his final dinner.

He ordered filet mignon, sautéed mushrooms, sweet potato pie (with whipped cream), butter pecan ice cream, biscuits with brown gravy, broccoli with cheese, French fries, cherry coke, a green lettuce salad with French dressing, collard greens, onion rings, fried chicken breast and corn bread. The filet mignon was unavailable so the prison kitchen served New York strip steak.

Coleman slept poorly the night before his execution. "I don't know whether it was from indigestion or nervousness," said the director of the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction, Reginald Wilkinson.

By the morning of his execution, Coleman's appetite had left him. He was offered toast, of which he only took a few bites. Soon afterwards, Coleman lay dead in the executioner's chair. His last words were "He leadeth me beside the still waters" as he recited the 23rd psalm, slipping firstly into unconsciousness and then death.



ABOVE Alton Coleman at Mansfield Correctional Facility a week before his execution by lethal injection

THE SCENT OF A KILLER

WHAT	MURDER
WHERE	ENGLEWOOD, COLORADO
WHEN	MAY 1993

ALL THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE OF FIVE YEAR-OLD ALIE BERRELEZ POINTED TO A SINGLE SUSPECT, BUT IT TOOK NEARLY 20 YEARS TO NAIL HER KILLER

WORDS **TONY THOMPSON**

BACKGROUND

On 18 May 1993, Alesandra Ariel Berrelez – Alie to her family – was eating pizza and playing with her two brothers in the courtyard of the Golden Nugget Apartments complex in Englewood, Colorado under the supervision of a neighbour while her mother was at work. The neighbour left the children for a few minutes and when she returned, Alie had vanished.

After four days with no leads, a police bloodhound named Yogi was brought in and quickly led detectives to a ravine near Deer Creek Canyon Park, a remote wooded area some 14 miles away, where Alie's body was found stuffed in a green duffel bag.

The only witness to the abduction was Alie's three-year-old brother, who told police that an "old man" had taken her, before

"He told police an 'old man' had taken her, pointing towards the apartment of another Golden Nugget resident, Nicholas Stofer"

pointing towards the apartment of another Golden Nugget resident, Nicholas Stofer.

A welder by trade, Stofer had moved to Golden Nugget just three weeks prior to Alie's disappearance. A friend who had helped him move told police that Stofer owned a green bag similar to the one Alie was found in, which Stofer denied.

Other friends told police that Stofer had once shared a fantasy about abducting a young girl – and had spent time partying in Deer Creek Canyon as a child.

Metal shavings found inside the bag alongside Alie's body were consistent with Stofer's profession and carpet threads found on her blouse matched those of the carpet in his apartment.

Suspicious about his involvement were raised further still when, just five days after Alie's death, Stofer suddenly moved out of his apartment and relocated to California. It emerged that he had booked the flight the same morning that Alie had disappeared.

Yet, despite the weight of evidence pointing towards him, prosecutors felt it was simply too circumstantial to guarantee a conviction and the decision was taken not to charge him. The case went cold for the next 18 years.

TURNING POINT

Blood and hair samples had been taken from Nick Stofer during the original investigation, but at that time DNA testing was in its early

stages of development and not sophisticated enough to prove a match with the tiny traces of DNA present on Alie's clothing.

Contemporary testing methods could only be carried out on samples that were of a certain size and, more importantly, the testing process destroyed the samples themselves, making it impossible to carry out any additional tests to confirm findings.

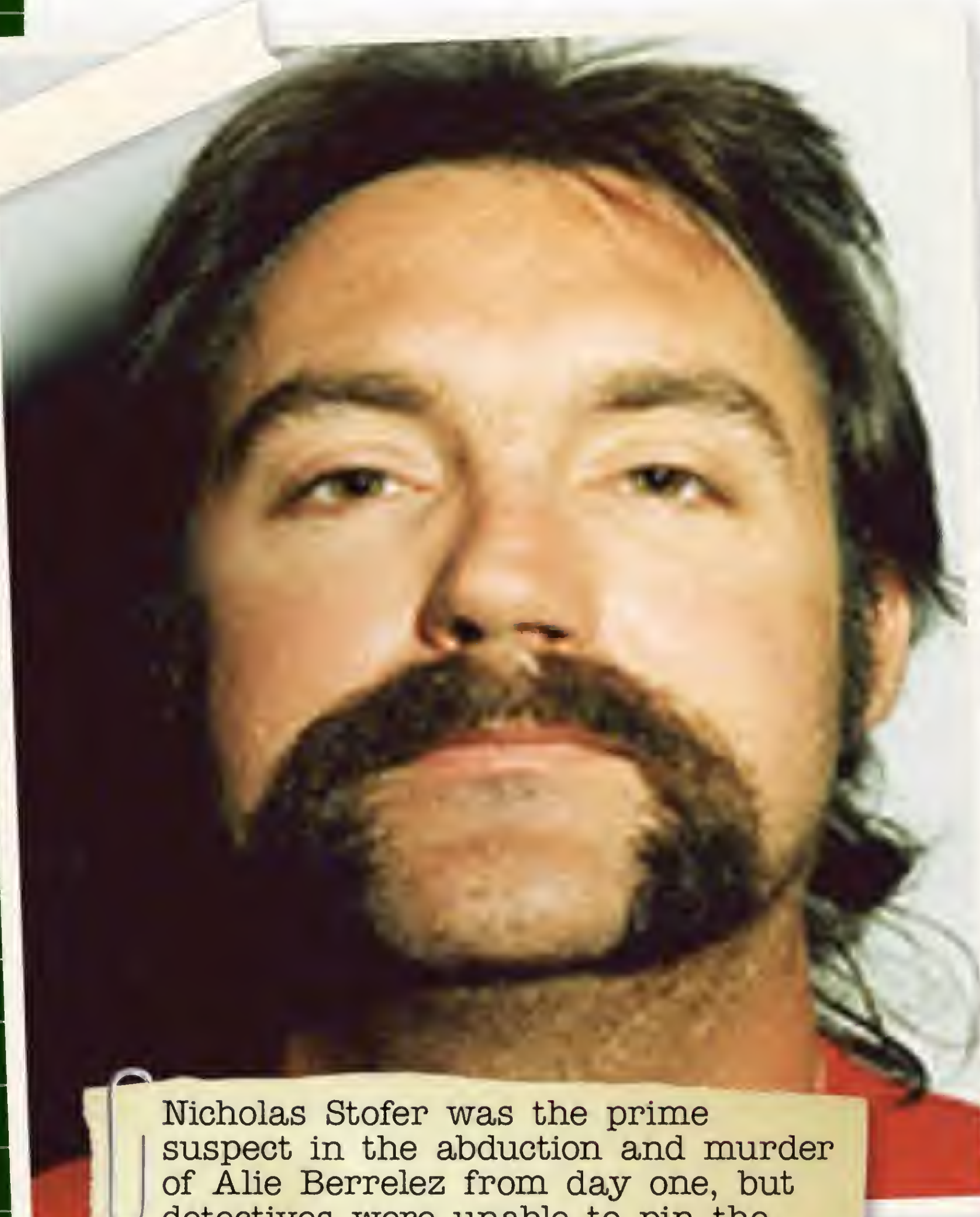
By January 2011, DNA testing had advanced to the point that profiles could be created from microscopic samples and, thanks to a technique that provided accurate copies of material being tested, there was no limit to the number of tests that could be carried out.

That same month, Englewood police detective Bobbie Garrett decided to take another look at the case, sending off some of Alie's clothing and the duffel bag she had been found in to a laboratory where the very latest tests could be carried out.

A DNA profile collected from the young victim's underwear was a match for Stofer. A second, partial profile was also found to be a match for the prime suspect.

AFTERMATH

The long-awaited breakthrough had finally struck, but for both police and Alie's family it was bittersweet news. In October 2001, Nick Stofer had been found dead in an apartment in Phoenix, Arizona – the result of an overdose of drink or drugs or both.



Nicholas Stofer was the prime suspect in the abduction and murder of Alie Berrelez from day one, but detectives were unable to pin the case on him until it was too late



Five-year-old Alie Berrelez was abducted in May 1993. Her body was found four days later. An autopsy failed to determine the cause of death; she may have been killed by her attacker or suffered a fatal asthma attack

Stofer's body was discovered after his family, who had always maintained his innocence, found themselves unable to contact him. By the time his body was found, he had been dead for two days.

Stofer had never stopped being a person of interest and, after his death, his apartment was searched by police in the hope that some evidence would turn up that would link him to the murder. Once again, the search came up empty.

Although the case did not end in justice for Alie's family, her death has helped others in their fight for justice. Following the discovery of her body, Alie's grandfather Richard Berrelez was so impressed by the way Yogi the bloodhound had assisted the case, managing to trace Alie's scent despite her body having been transported inside a car driven along a freeway, that he set up a foundation in her name dedicated to training more tracking dogs.



The first dog trained by the ALIE Foundation located a young girl within hours of her disappearance





HONOUR THY FATHER

MARVIN GAYE'S SHOCKING DEATH AT THE HANDS OF HIS FATHER WAS THE TRAGIC
CULMINATION OF DECADES OF BAD BLOOD BETWEEN TWO PROUD BUT STUBBORN MEN

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

Marvin Gaye rose from humble origins to become one of the great voices of 20th-century pop music. A rich vocal style capable of a four-octave range, Gaye's singing, whether falsetto, baritone or tenor, enamoured listeners worldwide. He became part of a new wave of music known as Motown, which partly defined the sound of the 1960s and became iconic. As one of Motown's most popular recording artists, Gaye was renowned for the sexual and political themes in his work. *Ain't No Mountain High Enough*, *Heard it Through the Grapevine*, *Mercy Mercy Me* and *Sexual Healing* earn rotation on radio stations to this very day.

His persona was that of a great lover, a sophisticated ladies man, but this was something manufactured by the execs at Motown, which was more than a label; it was a family concern run with factory-like precision, and Gaye had literally married into the family. His first wife was Anna Gordy, older sister to Motown founder Berry Gordy. As the 1960s wore on Marvin became tired of the tunes being foisted on him by the suits at Motown, so he began to exert his new-found privilege by becoming a label rebel, refusing to record albums or sing the songs the record company demanded.

Gaye decided his music had to reflect the times he was living in. 1971's *What's Going On* saw Gaye reject the romantic lothario image in favour of an apocalyptic prophet makeover. He was a preacher warning us all that love was the answer and we were all on the path to hate. In this regard he was very much influenced not just by his ultra-devout upbringing but also the former career of his father, an ex-preacher. The album, a masterpiece consisting of nine songs, reflected upon poverty, the war in Vietnam, the civil rights movement and drug addiction.

Away from the surface glamour of celebrity and the bright lights of the concert stage, Gaye's life was a mess. Drugs, infidelity, wild mood swings, sex scandals (his first son was conceived with an underage girl), egocentric fixations spurred by commercial success, self-aggrandisement and suicidal feelings all played a disastrous part at various junctures. He projected an image of self-assuredness, but Marvin Gaye was a very troubled man. One major cause of his woes was to be found in the form of his father.

The story of Marvin Gaye is inextricably bound to the story of his father, Marvin Gay Snr, a former firebrand preacher who appeared to resent the presence of his boy almost from birth. He'd never wanted him and matters only got worse as the years went by. Despite seeing Marvin Jr free himself from the relative poverty of his Washington, D.C., upbringing in the projects to become a world-famous star, Marvin Snr had nothing nice to say, no encouraging words, no sense of pride, no excitement that his son was topping the charts, playing to sell-out audiences, travelling the world, making something of his life. But he sure enjoyed the trappings of Marvin's riches. Even though their relationship was



ABOVE During his career Marvin Gaye released 67 charted singles on the Billboard charts

fractious, based on an almost mutual distrust – sometimes loathing – Jr followed the Bible's teachings to "Honour thy mother and thy father". He found the former easy, as he worshipped the ground his mother Alberta walked on.

THE FATHER'S DISAPPOINTMENTS

"Let's say I didn't dislike him," Marvin Snr told *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* during an interview a week after he'd gunned his son down. The question put to him had been, "Do you love your son?" Astonishingly ambivalent, the killer recounted what happened on 1 April 1984, finding time to complain about the conditions in his cell and that none of the family had visited him.

The interview revealed what many in the close-knit, closed-off family circle always knew: Marvin Snr was a hugely self-centred man who spent his life doing very little but sponging off his famous son and resenting the fact his lad was the provider, the breadwinner, the one who changed their lives for the better. Unlike Marvin Jr, who found wealth and fame through hard work and genuine

talent, his old man's story is one of chronic disappointment, self-righteousness and religious hypocrisy. In Marvin Gaye's case, when life gave him lemons, he made lemonade. Marvin Snr was left with nothing but a sour-looking face.

Marvin Prentz Gay was born in Kentucky in 1914. He became associated with a very strict Christian sect known as the House of God and started off on the path to becoming a preacher. In the 1930s he met Alberta Cooper. They married and settled down in Washington, D.C., at a time before the projects were swamped with drugs and crime. It was a poor upbringing for Marvin Jr, but it wasn't bedevilled with accompanying social horrors. Marvin Snr provided all the horror for the family could ever need. Alberta understood her husband had never wanted Marvin Jr and believed their lifelong animosity developed from the moment he came into the world.

Marvin Snr by this time had been thwarted in his pursuit of becoming the lifelong leader at the House of God, his blatant political manoeuvring for the top job ostracising him from the congregation. He regularly beat his children, banned television and trips to the movies and

MARVIN GAYE AND DRUGS

GAYE ABUSED DRUGS INCLUDING PCP AND COCAINE, AND IT LED TO CRAZED MOODS AND PARANOID BEHAVIOUR

Gaye experimented with drugs early on his career, despite a love of sports and healthy living. There were periods of sobriety here and there, but his cocaine consumption began prodigious and led to paranoid fantasies and hallucinations involving demons taunting him. By the early 1980s, Marvin was freebasing coke because the membranes of his nose were severely damaged by years and years of snorting lines.

Drugs also affected Marvin's decision-making. After a few lines of coke, he'd become charm personified. Convivial, generous, looking for a good time, he would shop like there was no tomorrow, though financial insecurity stalked him even at the zenith of his popularity. He'd award generous bonuses and raises to his touring crew, then withdraw these promises, after coming down off and realising his error. Marvin Gaye consumed illegal drugs to mask and numb his inner emotional turmoil, but his lack of self-control was truly destructive.

appeared to enjoy punishing others for infractions while clearly being far from virtuous himself. He was the classic religious hypocrite, living by the phrase 'Do as I say not as I do'.

Marvin Snr indulged in cross-dressing and wearing makeup. He often liked to stay in his room, wearing women's clothing and experimenting with fashions, which caused a great deal of embarrassment to the family. Neighbours thought he was a strange bird, and extended family considered him an eccentric with a bad temper and lecherous intentions towards young girls. Yet, somewhat ironically, it was Marvin Jr accompanying his father to church gatherings as a little boy that led to a love of singing, and as he reached his teens he and others recognised the talent he possessed. When Marvin Jr set off on what would be a stellar career (which of course his father had actively discouraged, believing anything that wasn't gospel music was the devil) added an 'e' to his last name, aware that 'gay' had changed in meaning, entering the popular lexicon as code for 'homosexual'.

While Marvin Jr wasn't gay or bisexual, his role model for a father figure was found lacking.

RIGHT The murder of Marvin Gaye made front page news around the world. That the father was responsible for the son's death shocked fans the public alike

PLAY MILLIONAIRE'S ROULETTE
\$6,000,000 available to be won! — See pages 10 & 11

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

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Monday, April 2, 1984

Sunny. 55-60. Details p. 60

SINGER MARVIN GAYE SHOT DEAD

Story on page 2

Mugging victim dies on 3d rail



Marcello Navarro, crying "They killed my son!" is escorted from 138th St. and Grand Concourse IRT station in the South Bronx. Her son, Antonio Navarro Jr., 29, (above) was electrocuted when muggers knocked him from platform to third rail.

Story on page 3

RIGHT Gaye's funeral took place at the Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale and was attended by 10,000 mourners. Fellow Motown labelmate and friend Smokey Robinson provided one of the eulogies.



“MARVIN SNR WALKED IN WITH THE .38 AND SHOT HIS SON IN THE UPPER CHEST. HE STEPPED FORWARD AND FIRED ONCE MORE”

He looked at his father and saw a bitter and harsh man on the one hand, and on the other an effeminate person who wore makeup and women's clothes. Feeling unloved by Marvin Snr and resentful of the beatings and his father's cross-dressing, Marvin Jnr started to rebel. Yet, despite their differences, the two men were both very alike in personality.

Marvin Jr – aided by copious amounts of drugs – began to think he could transcend pop star status and use his position to change the world. Like his father, he was hypocritical when it came to his own behaviour, using religious beliefs to exempt himself from the laws of ordinary man. He often told people the only one he had to answer to was God.

Both father and son were also misogynistic and loner figures who shied away from social interactions, and both were prone to bouts of laziness. Despite all the misgivings and angst, Marvin Jr spent his life seeking his father's acceptance and unconditional love. He never received it.

DAY OF THE KILLING

In 1983, Gaye's personal life was enduring a torrid time while his career enjoyed a spell of incredible success. He'd experienced a major comeback off the back the album *Midnight Love*, which included one of his greatest hits: *Sexual Healing*. Yet Marvin Jr's chaotic life was heading towards its closing – and defining – chapter. For family and close friends, Marvin Jnr's situation was bleak and getting bleaker every day, for he was hopelessly lost in a blizzard of drugs and acute paranoia.

After touring throughout 1983 (Gaye had never much liked the hard graft of travelling the country playing to the crowds) he was worn out and retreated to his home in the Jefferson district of central Los Angeles. He was sharing the swish house with his folks and siblings. It is somewhat sadly ironic that Marvin Jr gave his father the gun which would later kill him.

On Christmas Day 1983, he'd handed over a Smith & Wesson .38 special as a gift and for protection against intruders. While under the

same roof, father and son attempted to keep their distance from one another. They hadn't lived together since 1957, and rows blazed regularly about all matter of things. On 1 April, 1984, yet another argument broke out, this time over a missing insurance policy letter. Marvin Snr was barracking Alberta, which upset Marvin and caused him to lunge at his father.

In the weeks prior to his death there had been slanging matches between the pair, which were getting nastier. Marvin's obsessions with home security and assassination attempts on his life did not help to ease the tension inside 2101 South Gramercy Place.

The deadly episode began at 12.20pm when Marvin Snr walked into his son's bedroom to discuss the missing insurance policy. Marvin Jr was lying at his mother's side on the bed, wearing his maroon bathrobe. The husband shouted at the wife, which triggered a rage in their son. Marvin Snr was physically attacked by Gaye, receiving punches and kicks (police found heavy bruising on his back and forearms, evidence some physical skirmish had taken place).

“Motherfucker! Do you want some more?” Gaye yelled at his father, before hitting him with a follow-up barrage. He then returned to his bedroom, sitting down on the edge of the bed. Moments later, Marvin Snr walked in with the .38 and shot his son in the upper chest on the right

side just above the nipple. The bullet hit his heart, left kidney, lung and stomach. Marvin Snr stepped forward from the doorway of the bedroom into the room and fired once more. This time the bullet went through Gaye's left shoulder. He was taken to the California Hospital, where attempts were made to revive the stricken pop idol, but he was pronounced dead at 13.01pm.

When the cops arrived Marvin Snr was sat on the doorstep. He'd tossed the .38 on the lawn. He was arrested initially for unlawful shooting until word came through that Marvin Gaye hadn't survived and the case became a homicide. News spread like wildfire from the neighbourhood to the media. Motown legend Marvin Gaye had been murdered and not by some unseen assailant or a deranged fan who felt they had to have Marvin or nobody could. No, the assassin was his father – decades of bad blood had finally erupted to horrific effect.

THE COURT'S DECISION

Marvin Snr claimed self-defence at trial. Although declared fit to stand before judgement, a doctor examining him discovered a tumour on his pituitary gland, which the defence team, along with his physical injuries sustained during the assault, would play as involuntary manslaughter, not first-degree murder. An autopsy report noted PCP and cocaine in Marvin Gaye's blood, suggesting he was high at the time of the attack on his father and that his thought processes were clouded by the effects of the cocktail of drugs.

On 2 November, 1984, after pleading no contest against the charges, Marvin Snr was sentenced by Judge Gordon Ringer at the Los Angeles Supreme Court. He was facing 13 years inside. Even though he was provoked by his son, he didn't have to grab a gun and kill him, prosecutors argued. Circumstances proved favourable to Mr Gay – factors such as the specifics of what occurred, his age, his declining health and lack of priors.

Judge Gordon Ringer concluded Marvin Jnr had started the tragedy and his father was defending himself. "Under the circumstances, it seems to be agreed by everybody, including the very able and experienced investigating officers in this case, that the young man who died tragically provoked this incident, and it was all his fault," the judge summed up. Marvin Pentz Gay was sentenced to a six-year suspended sentence and five years' probation.

A number of theories have circulated in the years since the murder. Some suggest that the fact that Marvin Jnr was the breadwinner rankled with Marvin Snr, and when his son finally attacked him physically it was a humiliation too far. He put on an uncaring front to the press after the killing, but at court he appeared genuinely sorry.

"If I could bring him back, I would. I was afraid of him. I thought I was going to get hurt. I didn't know what was going to happen," he told the court. There was no mention of love for his deceased son in Marvin Snr's summary.



LEFT Marvin Gay Snr at his sentencing hearing on 2 November, 1984, where he was put on five years' probation for his son's brutal murder

MANSLAUGHTER OR SUICIDE?

ONE MAJOR THEORY ABOUT THE KILLING SUGGESTS THAT MARVIN GAYE GOADED HIS FATHER INTO LETHAL ACTION

Marvin Gaye always feared he was going to die young, and throughout his life he was plagued by suicidal thoughts. Since his death some people have claimed that his fatal fight with Marvin Snr was a form of suicide or a bizarre kind of mercy killing, as he knew his father would react violently. In a 2011 interview with *The Daily Express*, sister Zeola Gaye told the paper her older brother pushed their father until he finally snapped.

Whatever the truth of Marvin Gaye's violent exit from this world, the singer suffered from lifelong depression, drugs exacerbated his psychological issues and three previous suicide attempts failed did little to help his mental health.

Once when in Hawaii Gaye set about overdosing on a pound of cocaine, telling friend David Ritz, "I just wanted to be left alone and blow my brains on a high-octane toot."

MINUTE BY MINUTE

THE MURDER OF HOLLY BOBO

“THAT’S NOT DREW. SHOOT HIM”

IT WAS A NORMAL WEDNESDAY MORNING FOR THE BOBO FAMILY, UNTIL HOLLY’S BROTHER WATCHED HER WALK INTO THE WOODS WITH A STRANGER, NEVER TO RETURN

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Audible gasps escaped the mouths of Parsons residents in Tennessee as the director of the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation (TBI) Mark Gwyn announced the news they had dreaded. What had been a missing person’s case for three years was now a murder investigation. The TBI had arrested local 25-year-old meth addict Zachary Adams on suspicion of first-degree homicide in relation to the case of missing 20-year-old nursing student Holly Bobo.

But the TBI believed more people knew the fate of the sweet southern belle who had disappeared from her home in Parsons with a camouflaged stranger on the morning of 13 April 2011. Convicted felon Jason Autry was also arrested, followed by Adams’s younger brother Dylan. The three men were charged with first-degree murder, aggravated kidnapping and rape. It had been three years since Holly was last seen, and although police believed they had her killer in custody, they didn’t have Holly Bobo’s remains.

That all changed in September 2014 when a skull that had been discovered on the border of Decatur County, Tennessee was confirmed to be that of the missing girl. It was a bittersweet discovery for the Parsons residents, who had wondered for years if they would ever find out what had happened to Holly. Doing everything they could to help, residents launched a huge search party in the wake of the

young girl’s disappearance but came back empty-handed. The TBI had offered a \$250,000 reward for information leading to an arrest and conviction of Holly’s abductor. Hers was the most “exhaustive” investigation and the most “extensive and expensive case” in the county’s history.

After Holly vanished, banners were hung from the town’s buildings with pink ribbons to symbolise the colour of the missing girl’s top. The escaped child abductee Elizabeth Smart – the poster-child for missing youths – told the town to never give up hope that Holly was alive somewhere. But now with three convictions served for murder following a confession from the youngest Adams brother, it was clear that the fresh-faced young woman would never come home.

In September 2017 the eldest of the indicted siblings went on trial. Felon turned star witness Autry provided a chilling account of the day he had helped to get rid of Holly’s body.

The trial of Holly’s killers was to be a turbulent affair. Along with allegations of police misconduct muddying the credibility of the investigation, prosecutors also had scarce hard evidence with which to convict Zachary Adams, relying heavily on Autry’s testimony. Circumstantial evidence shrouded the case in a layer of despair as the jury attempted to piece together what had happened to Holly.

“THE TBI BELIEVED MORE PEOPLE KNEW THE FATE OF THE SWEET SOUTHERN BELLE WHO HAD DISAPPEARED”



13 APRIL 2011

04.30

Holly Bobo, who is studying to be a nurse at the Tennessee Technology Centre in Parsons, wakes up early. As the sun breaks through the trees opposite her home on Swan Johnson Road, she sits eating breakfast and studying for an exam that she has later that day.

**Decatur County Help us Bring Holly Home
for her 21st Birthday. October 12, 2011
Thank you!**

**\$85,000.00
REWARD**



Contact
1-800-THE
1-800-731-13

07.00

Karen Bobo says goodbye to her daughter and tells her she loves her, planting a tender kiss on her child's head as she heads out for work at Scott's Hill Elementary School, where she is a second grade teacher. This will be the last time she ever sees her daughter alive.

07.30

Phone records show that Holly receives a call from her boyfriend Drew Scott early in the morning. The pair are a loved-up couple looking forward to the future after Scott had presented his girlfriend with a promise ring at Christmas. That morning Scott was turkey-hunting nearby on Holly's grandmother's land.

07.42

Inside her home Bobo makes her last known phone call to her mother, who is on her way to work. Holly tells her mother that her boyfriend has been questioned about his right to be hunting on the family's land. After this, all calls and texts from Holly's phone were incoming and went unanswered.

07.45

A neighbour hears screams and arguing at the Bobo residence. He believes he can hear Holly yell, "Stop! I said stop!" before her screams are cut off. He decides to drive up to the Bobos' driveway. Here he stops his engine, listening for any other sounds, before heading to work when he hears nothing suspicious. He calls his mother, who lives with him, and tells her what he heard.

07.49

The mother of the concerned neighbour calls the school where Holly's mother is teaching and speaks to the secretary. She calmly asks that she pass on a message that her son had heard screams on the property that morning and is concerned.



ABOVE Hundreds of volunteers flocked to the area where Holly was last seen walking with a camouflaged stranger. The party scoured the area around the clock searching for her

07.50

Barking dogs wake up Holly's older brother Clint, who is sleeping in an upstairs bedroom. He notices his sister's Mustang is still out the back of the house in the carport, and that his sister is out there too with a man dressed in camouflage clothing, who he presumes is her boyfriend Drew.

07.51

As he observes his sister kneeling down with the man he believes to be Drew, he can faintly hear the pair talking back and forth and that his sister sounds "very upset and heated". He hears his sister ask, "No, why?" and forms the opinion that the pair are breaking up.

07.53

Having received the message from the school secretary, Karen calls her son and asks what is going on. Clint tells her that Holly is still there and that she is out the back with Drew. Panicking, Karen tells her son that it's not Drew and that he should go and alert the neighbours. But Clint is still confused.

07.55

Karen dials 911 from the school, but because she is calling from where she works she is put through to a call dispatcher from Henderson County instead of Decatur County, so she hangs up. Frantically worried, she calls Clint again.

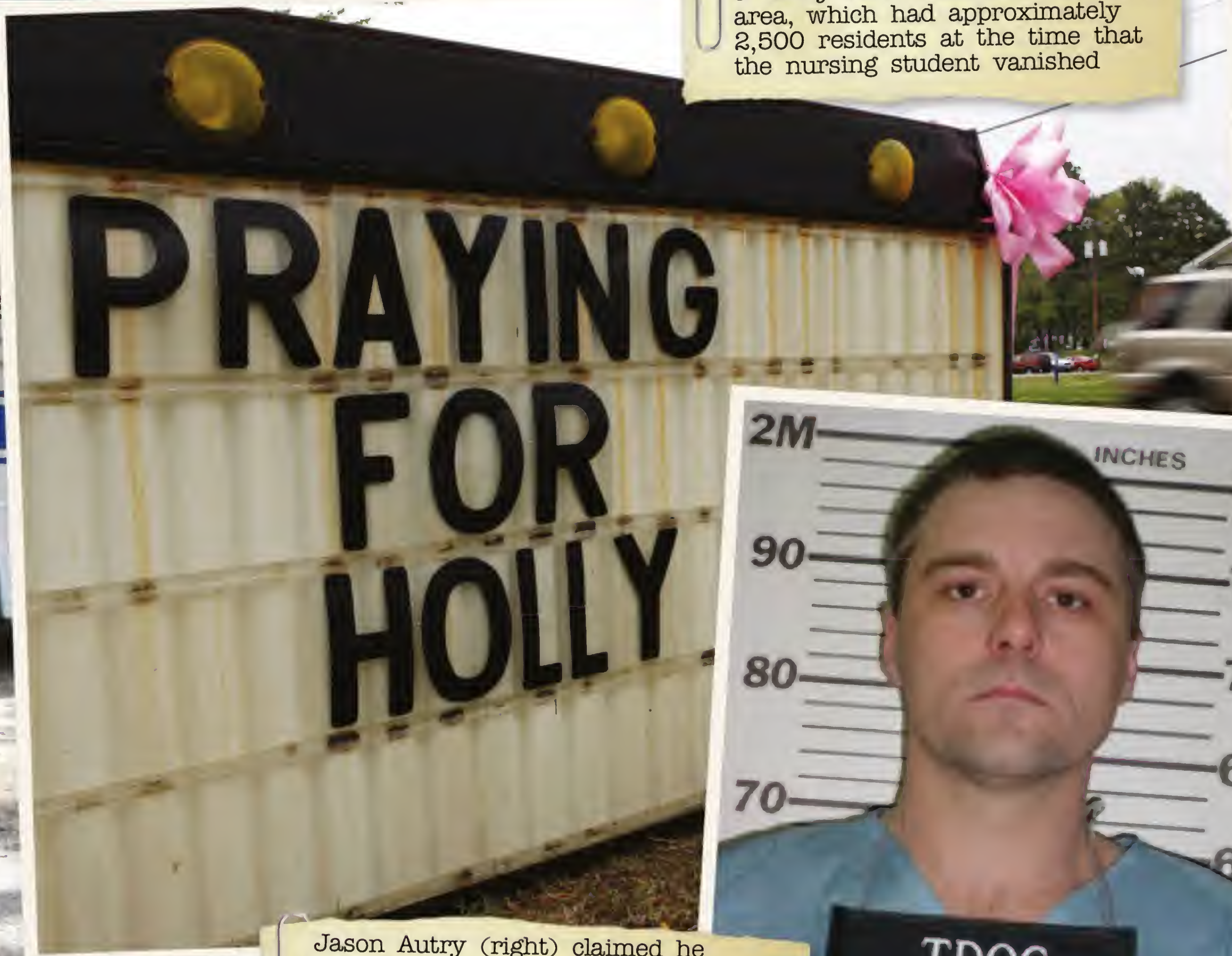
07.56

"Clint, that's not Drew. Get a gun and shoot him," Karen tells her son. "You want me to shoot Drew?" Clint asks, as he watches Holly and the mystery man walk off towards the wooded area across from their house.

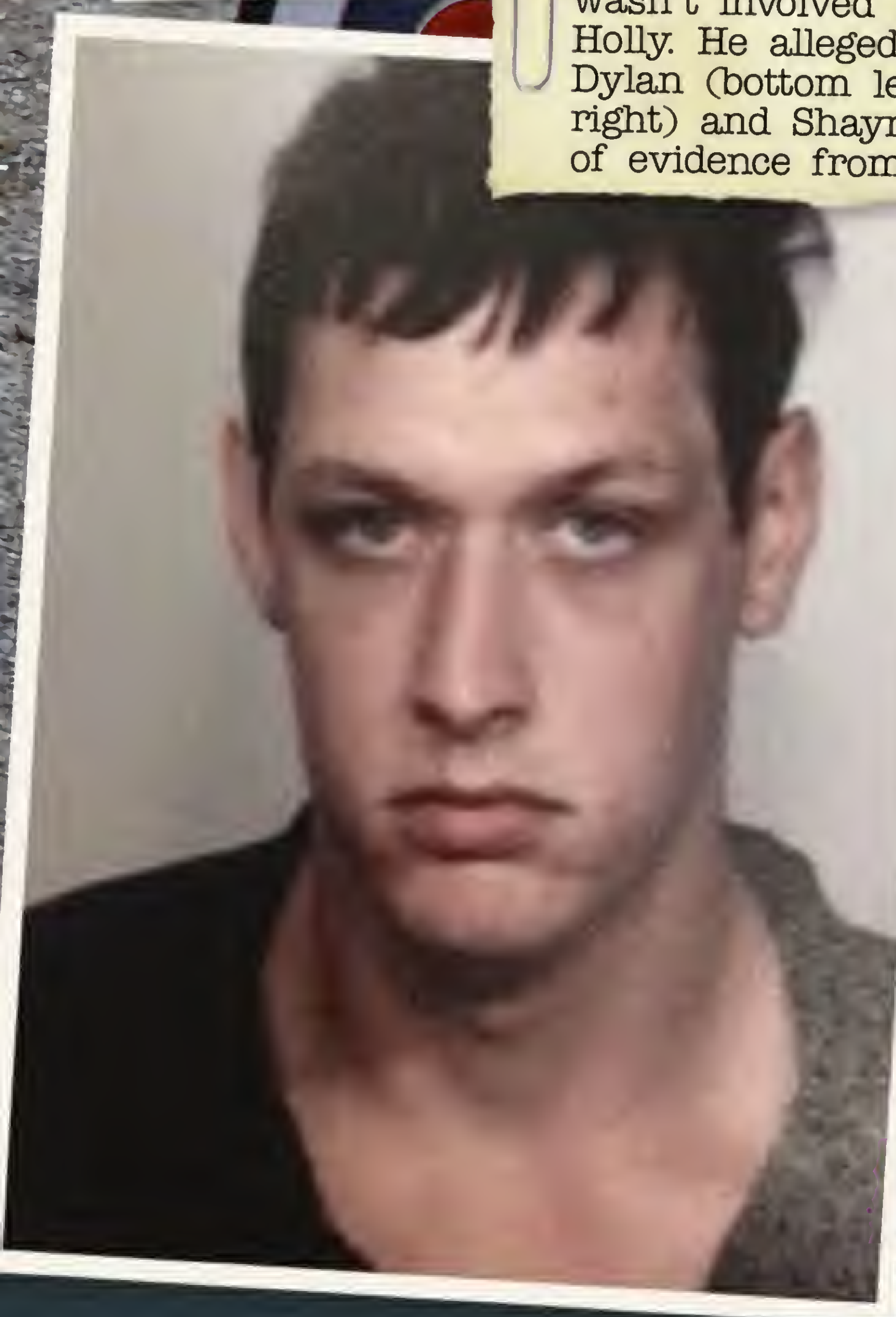
07.58

Karen leaves the school and calls 911 from her co-worker's phone as they drive home to Swan Johnson Road, desperately calling out for officers to get to her home because someone has kidnapped her daughter and taken her into the woods. "Someone in full camouflage has Holly," she tells the dispatcher.

Signs calling for the safe return of Holly Bobo dominated the local area, which had approximately 2,500 residents at the time that the nursing student vanished



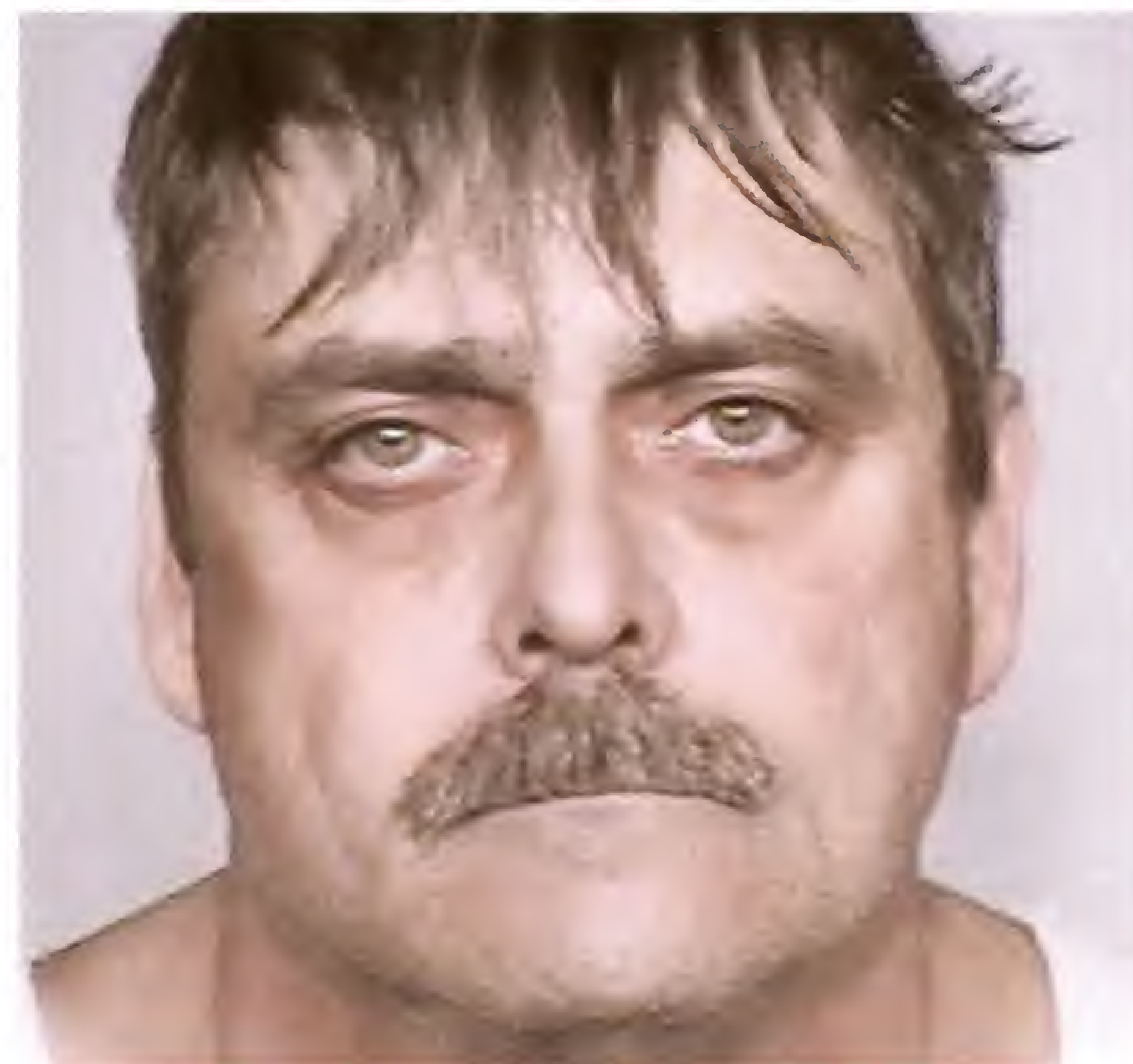
Jason Autry (right) claimed he wasn't involved in the abduction of Holly. He alleged he had witnessed Dylan (bottom left), Zach (bottom right) and Shayne Austin disposing of evidence from the murder



'CHESTER THE MOLESTER'

WHILE THE TBI WERE ADAMANT THEY ALREADY HAD THE KILLERS, ANOTHER SUSPECT WAS IN THE SIGHTS OF AN INVESTIGATING OFFICER

A particularly nasty sexual offender in the Parsons area piqued the interests of TBI agent Terry Dicus. Speaking to ABC's news supplement programme *20/20* in 2017, Dicus expressed his belief that a man named Terry Britt, otherwise known in the area as 'Chester the Molester' was responsible for killing Holly. The TBI agent also felt that Britt fit the description of Holly's abductor given by her brother. Britt's alibi for the day of Holly's abduction was that he was buying a bathtub with his wife at a salvage yard, but no record of the sale exists. Britt's home was also in the vicinity where Holly's remains were found. A search warrant on Britt's home was conducted and cadaver dogs were drawn to Britt's vehicle and some tools, but tests for DNA came back negative, and police had to shift their focus elsewhere due to the lack of compelling evidence against Britt.



ABOVE Convicted sex offender Terry Britt has a criminal record dating back to the 1970s and spanning at least two states in the US. TBI Agent Terry Dicus described him as a "horrible, horrible human being"

08.00

Armed with a loaded pistol, Clint goes out to the carport where he saw his sister kneeling down just minutes ago and notices approximately 60 drops of blood on the ground. His neighbour's mother pulls up the driveway to say screams were heard 15 or 20 minutes ago. He dials 911.

08.10

Aware of the distressed calls from the Bobo family, police arrive at the scene to be greeted by Clint, who tells them what has happened and that he cannot get hold of his sister. Authorities come to believe that Holly Bobo was abducted as she tried to get in her car to drive to nursing school.

08.17

According to mobile phone pings later traced by investigators, after Holly left the driveway of her home, she or someone with her phone travelled north, heading away from the Bobo home. Her phone continues north to a wooded area near Interstate-40.

08.30

Phone pings indicate that after some time on the move, for reasons unknown to local police, Holly's mobile phone stops moving near the interstate at the northern border of Decatur County. For half an hour the phone signals remain stationary before moving again.

09.00

The mobile phone signals show that the phone begins to move south from I-40 using a different route. There are deliberate twists and turns in the movement, but the direction in which the phone appears to be travelling is not the movements of someone who is lost.

09.30

The last mobile phone ping indicates that it is in the general vicinity of Highway 641, north of Parsons. In this location the phone and SIM card are deconstructed and later found separately in the area.

INTO THE WOODS

AFTER HOLLY'S LAST SIGHTING, THE ONCE TRANQUIL WOODS IN DECATUR COUNTY BECAME A TERRIFYING SETTING FOR A TWISTED GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK



1 STRANGER DANGER

Clint observed his sister Bobo walk towards the woods with another man. Unable to identify the man's face, he can only make out that his right arm is hanging at his side as he and Holly walk side-by-side further and further away from the house. He realises that the man with his sister is slightly taller than her boyfriend.



2 RED ALERT

As many as 60 spots of blood are found in the carport out the back of the Swan Johnson Road residence. Clint is unable to tell where it has come from, but investigators will later learn that the DNA matches that of missing Holly and believe it indicates that a struggle occurred.



3 'H' IS FOR HOLLY

The day after Holly went missing, her lunch bag was found discarded in the woods by Jon Graves, who recovered it from a creek about 13 kilometres away from Holly's home. The white polka dot bag with the letter 'H' embroidered on it still contained her uneaten lunch. It had been deliberately discarded in the area.

REMAINS FOUND
SUNDAY MORNING

ZACH ADAMS'
HOME

LUNCHBOX
FOUND

BOBO
FAMILY
HOME

MOBILE PHONE
FOUND

PARSONS

SIM CARD
FOUND



4 SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES

Autry testified that Adams asked him to help dump Holly's body in the Tennessee River. The pair stopped near a boat dock where Adams said he wanted to "gut" the victim so she wouldn't float. When Holly twitched and made sounds indicating she was alive, Adams made him keep watch before he shot the girl dead. Spotting a boat nearby, the pair took off with the body.

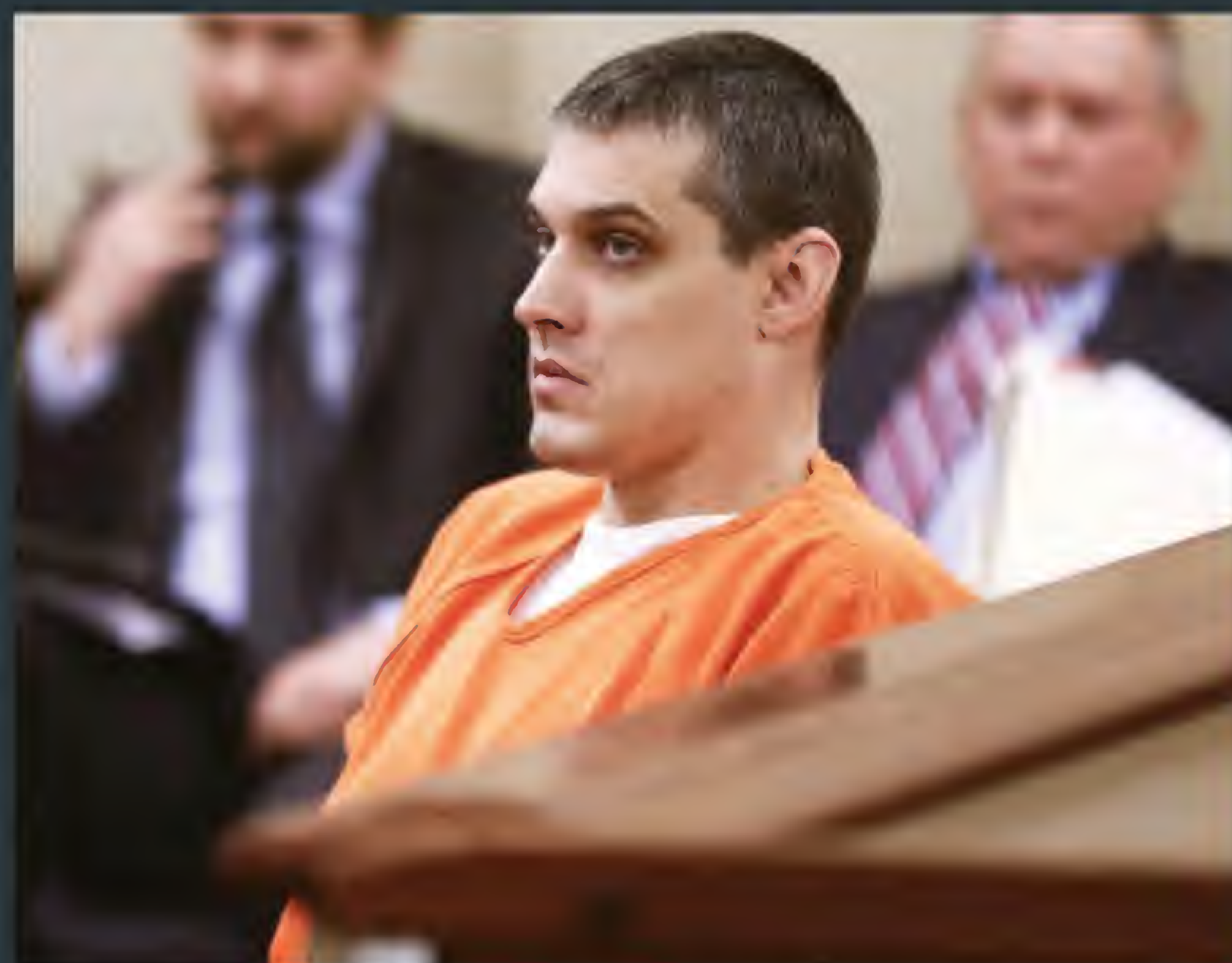
5 I-SPY

In May 2011 Ednesha Brasher and her brother were playing 'I-Spy' as they were cycling on Camden Road when they noticed a SIM card on the ground. Brasher took the SIM card home and put it in her own phone and listened to the voicemails. She realised the card belonged to Holly and alerted authorities about their discovery. Holly's phone had been found the previous month a short distance away from the SIM card.



6 DEM BONES

Ernest 'Larry' Stone was hunting for the herb ginseng in the woods in September 2014 when he made a grim discovery. Noticing an overturned bucket, he picked it up but then noted that something "told me to turn around". On the ground he saw a skull, which was later identified as Holly's. Seven ribs and ten teeth were found nearby.



COERCED CONFESSION OR FAIR COP?

AS THREE MEN STOOD TRIAL FOR HOLLY'S MURDER, THE DARK DETAILS OF HER KILLER'S WORLD EMERGED

In an attempt to secure a fair jury, Judge Charles McGinley moved the eldest Adams brother's trial to Hardin County. Adams denied that he had killed Holly. The defence argued that the state had no DNA evidence linking the defendant to the murders, despite the fact that his own brother had confessed that he had been involved in killing Holly. Their mother Cindy Adams claimed that her academically challenged son, whom she described as a "people pleaser", had been coerced into a confession by 'bullyboy' police tactics. Recently, former TBI Agent Terry Dicus claimed the confession from the youngest Adams brother is false.

The state's key witness, Autry, who said he hoped his testimony would help gain him leniency in his own case, told the court that Adams told him that he had killed Holly because she "started hollering" when he went to the Bobo home to teach her brother how to cook meth. The self-confessed drug addict was asked to help dump her remains, but when the pair were about to get rid of the body, the victim began to move about and groan in distress. Knowing full well she would identify them, Adams shot her in cold blood while Autry kept a lookout.

His former girlfriend claimed that during an argument Adams sneered that no one would find out what had happened to the missing girl, and during another argument had told her he would "tie me up like just like he did Holly Bobo." Autry said Adams detailed how he, his brother and their friend Shayne Austin – who committed suicide in February 2015 – raped Holly.

Barely two weeks after the trial began, the jury found Adams guilty of first-degree premeditated murder, felony first-degree murder, aggravated kidnapping and aggravated rape. Taking a plea deal to avoid facing execution, Adams was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole, plus 50 years for rape and abduction. His lawyer has filed for a motion of appeal, citing lack of evidence in his conviction. Dylan is expected to go to trial in May 2018 in Hardin County with a jury sequestered from Chattanooga.

ABOVE Speaking in court after Zachary Adams was convicted of her daughter's murder, Karen Bobo described Adams as an "animal" who had "shown absolutely no remorse" for his actions

**SARAH PAY
MURDER
WE NEED Y
HELL**



NE
R
OUR
P!



A LAW FOR SARAH

WHEN AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL WAS SNATCHED AND MURDERED BY A KNOWN PAEDOPHILE JUST SECONDS FROM HOME, HER FAMILY FOUGHT FOR THE RIGHT OF ALL PARENTS TO KNOW WHO THEIR NEIGHBOURS ARE

WORDS NELL DARBY

On an ordinary summer's evening in a rural area of West Sussex, Sarah Payne, aged eight, was out playing with her two older brothers and a younger sister in the cornfields near her grandparents' house in Kingston Gorse. It was 1 July 2000, and they had been visiting there from their own home in Hersham, Surrey. The four youngsters were aged between six and 13 at the time. When the three siblings became separated from Sarah – only for a short period, and only by a short distance – they would never see her again.

The hunt for Sarah started within two days; her parents made appeals to the press and on television for their “little princess’s return”, describing her as a “soft, gentle little girl” without a “horrible bone in her body”.

But it was only 16 days later that a farm worker came across a small and naked body, placed in a shallow grave in a field near Pulborough, 24 kilometres away from the yellow cornfield where the little blonde girl had vanished. On 18 July, the body was identified as Sarah’s.

The farm worker, Luke Coleman, had been clearing ragwort from a field, situated alongside the A29 near Pulborough. At first, he

thought there was a dead deer – but on moving closer to it, he realised it was something far worse. It was evident that the body had been there for a while; shocked and dazed, he ran home and called the police.

It was hard to tell how Sarah had died because of the time that had elapsed between her disappearance and her body being found. A pathologist said that although she could find no evidence of sexual assault, this did not mean that it had not occurred. Similarly, she could not positively determine the cause of death – but it was evident that she had met a “violent death”, and that the pattern of her disappearance and murder indicated a “sexually motivated homicide”, with death likely to be the result of strangulation or suffocation.

Several witnesses, including Sarah’s brother Luke, told of spotting a white van in the area at the time of the little girl’s disappearance. One man, who had been driving home to Croydon at that time, had seen the van pull out in front of him from a field with no lights on, causing him to brake. A woman then saw a white van parked on the edge of a road near Pulborough later that evening, and thought it odd, as there were no footpaths there, and therefore no reason for a vehicle to park. Finding this white van, and its driver, appeared to be the key to finding Sarah’s killer.

SUSPECT IDENTIFIED

Within 24 hours of Sarah’s disappearance, 41-year-old Roy Whiting had been visited by Sussex police officers, who were making inquiries about her. Whiting was a former mechanic, delivery man and builder who had left school in the 1970s with no qualifications. Originally from Crawley, he lived just eight kilometres away from where Sarah vanished, at St Augustine Road in Littlehampton. He had been questioned because he was on the sex offender register, having been convicted of the abduction and indecent assault of a nine-year-old girl some five years earlier. He had received a four-year prison sentence for that offence – a more lenient sentence than it could have been, as he had admitted the charges – but was released in November 1997, having served less than two and a half years. This was despite a psychiatrist having assessed Whiting as being likely to re-offend.

On that initial visit, police officers found Whiting was not at home; they returned five hours later, at 9.20pm, and questioned him for over an hour before leaving. Whiting later claimed that the police had “badgered” him for an account of what he had been doing the previous day, leaving him feeling harassed – a claim made, perhaps, in relation to the fact that later that evening, he was seen leaving his flat and going to his van three separate times, as though agitated or looking for something. He said he had been looking for cigarettes. When asked by the police where he had been on the day of Sarah’s disappearance, he said he had been “drifting” around parks in the Hove area of East Sussex during the day, before visiting a funfair there between 5.30pm and 9.30pm.

However, police then found a petrol receipt in his van that came from the Buck Barn Garage, on the A24 in West Sussex, and only five kilometres away from where Sarah’s body was found. The receipt had the date and time on it – 9.53pm on 1 July – the evening that Sarah vanished. Whiting could not have been in Hove after all.

Later that day, as Whiting walked to his van – he said he was going to a petrol station to buy cigarettes – he was stopped by undercover police and arrested. At the police station, he was examined by a doctor who found three scratches on his chest and arms; Whiting said he didn’t



know how he had received them. However, after two days in custody, it was decided that there was no evidence to charge him with an offence, and he was released. On 23 July, however, he stole a car and ended up in a police chase until he crashed the car into a parked vehicle. He admitted stealing the car and another charge of driving dangerously, and was jailed for 22 months.

FORENSIC EVIDENCE

After he was jailed, police took Whiting’s Fiat Ducato van, which he had bought just two weeks prior to Sarah’s murder, in for forensic tests. In it was a knife, baby oil, and a checked shirt with semen on it. When questioned by police, he replied “no comment” to all questions relating to the finds, and made no mention of his knowledge of the Pulborough area. Later on, he said it was “pure chance” that he had been driving around in a van whose rear compartment contained items that could be used for frightening a child, or for sexual purposes. He also stated that builders suffered from dry skin as a result of using sand and cement, and that he had tried to use the baby oil to relieve his chapped hands. He also said that he had answered “no comment” on the advice of his solicitor, and that it had been “hard for me to sit there and not answer.”

ABOVE The interior of Roy Whiting’s white van, showing how he had stripped it and replaced the doors following Sarah’s death





SECONDS FROM SAFETY

IT WAS A QUIET, FAMILIAR LOCATION, AND WHERE SHE FELT SAFE – BUT SARAH WAS SNATCHED JUST SECONDS AWAY FROM HER GRANDPARENTS' DOOR

In the summer of 2000, the Payne family had gone to visit Sarah's grandparents, who lived in the village of Kingston Gorse, near Worthing, on the Sussex coast. The children – Lee, Luke, Sarah and Charlotte – had gone for a walk on the beach before going to play hide and seek in a nearby cornfield. It was an idyllic scene, but then Sarah got knocked on the head and decided she wanted to go back to her grandparents' home. She saw a gap in the hedge leading to Kingston Lane and disappeared through it. Her brothers Lee and Luke followed, only seconds behind, but Sarah had vanished by the time they reached Kingston Lane – grabbed by a man who just happened to be driving past in a white van. Lee, 13, saw the van go past him; the driver grinned and waved at him. That driver was the killer, Roy Whiting.

© Google

However, on 6 February 2001, he was charged with the abduction and murder of Sarah Payne. His trial was scheduled to start on 14 November, during which time he would still be in jail for the motoring offences. During the trial, the evidence given was largely forensic. Sarah's DNA was extracted from a tooth she had left under her pillow; it matched DNA from a hair found on one of Whiting's sweatshirts that had been left in his van. 24 hairs had been found on the sweatshirt, and all were examined – but only this one hair gave a full DNA profile. The chance that it was not Sarah's was one in a billion.

Sarah's body had been found naked; her clothes were never found, but one shoe was. Tests were carried out on its Velcro strap, and fibres matching Whiting's sweatshirt from the van were found. DNA from the sweatshirt proved that Whiting had worn it. Fibres found near Sarah's body – within a ball of hair, soil and vegetation – also matched Whiting's sweatshirt, with others matching socks found in his van. Other fibres were found in the body bag that had been used to remove Sarah's body from Pulborough; these came from both the socks and the driver's seat of the van. A fibre from Sarah's shoe was also found to match a clown-patterned curtain that was found in Whiting's van – the curtain had been stolen from a mother and baby room in a branch of Boots several years earlier; later, a woman who had come into



A single-frame snap of Sarah, taken from a Payne family video

possession of it had passed the curtain onto her boyfriend, who stuffed it into a hole in the front seat of his former vehicle – a white van.

The prosecution at the trial referred to all these pieces of forensic evidence as a ‘jigsaw’ that together linked Whiting to Sarah. The defence argued that there could have been contamination of this forensic evidence – perhaps one of Sarah’s hairs had been accidentally transferred to the sweatshirt by the scientists, for example. Although this was theoretically possible, forensic scientist Raymond Chapman, whose team had examined the hairs, argued it was unlikely.

In other evidence given at the trial, the prosecution stated that Whiting had changed the windowless doors on the back of his van, as well as the interior’s panelling, shortly after he had abducted Sarah in order to cover his movements – witnesses had stated that the van seen at Kingston Gorse had no windows at the back. Whiting argued that he was “80 per cent sure” he had changed them on the morning of the abduction, rather than the following day – the van had been dirty, and so he had ‘worked’ on it, pressure-washing it after a trip to a DIY store.

Whiting had said that he had been aimlessly visiting parks on the day Sarah went missing because he was bored – “I was leaving my job... I had a lot on my mind at the time... It was one of those boring days. I was just fed up.” He claimed to have had a “memory blank” about what he was doing on 1 July, due to the job concerns, but his evidence had changed; he now claimed to have left the Hove funfair earlier, about 7.30pm, in order to drive to Crawley to see his father. He then changed his mind, and when the fuel light had come on in his van, he stopped at the Buck Barn Garage to fill up with diesel. He asked for a receipt, and he said that this was because he wanted to know how many miles to a gallon the van could do.

The trial lasted four weeks and involved several witnesses, including Sarah’s older brother Lee, who, despite his young age of 13, had to give evidence about the white van he had seen, and the smiling, waving, yellow-toothed man who had been driving it away, at speed, from the location where his little sister had disappeared. At the end of the trial, Whiting was found guilty of the murder of Sarah Payne and sentenced to life in prison, the judge, Justice Curtis, arguing that life

should mean life in this case. A year later, the then home secretary, David Blunkett, ordered that Whiting should serve a minimum of 50 years. This has now been revised to 40 years, which still means Whiting will be 82 before he can be considered for parole.

SARAH’S LAW

Whiting’s previous convictions had been withheld from both jury and media during the trial. Once they became public, there were calls for the government to allow public access to the sex offender register. The Home Office felt that doing so would be “unworkable” and make paedophiles go “underground”, making them more difficult to be monitored; it might also risk them being attacked by the public.

But there was still a strong desire by both press and public that something should be done to reduce the chances of anyone else going through what Sarah and her family had. As early as July 2000, the newspaper *News Of The World* had started a campaign for ‘Sarah’s Law’, backed by Sarah’s parents, Sara and Michael Payne, who were sure from the start that she had been abducted by a child sex offender. The aim of the newspaper’s campaign was for the public to gain “controlled access” of the sex offender registry. This would enable parents with young children to know if an offender had moved into their area; Sara Payne argued that the existence of such a law would have saved young Sarah’s life.

In September 2008, a pilot of the scheme was launched in four areas of England and Wales, whereby parents could ask the police about a named individual. The trial of the scheme, known officially as the Child Sex Offender Disclosure Scheme, had been carried out in Cambridgeshire, Cleveland, Hampshire and Warwickshire. During this trial, the Home Office had stated that more than 60 children had been protected from potential abuse. There had been a total of nearly 600 inquiries to the police, 315 applications for information, and 21 disclosures about registered child sex offenders. In addition, another 43 cases led to action such as referrals to social care, and 11 disclosures had been made about violent offending.

The trial was deemed to be successful, and in August 2010, the Home Office announced that the Child Sex Offender Disclosure Scheme – Sarah’s Law – would now be rolled out to eight other police areas: West Mercia, Bedfordshire, Norfolk, North Yorkshire, Thames Valley, West Midlands, Essex and Sussex. In autumn 2010, another 12 forces came under the remit of Sarah’s Law, with the remaining police forces getting the same powers by spring 2011.

Although there were fears that Sarah’s Law might lead to vigilante attacks on individuals, police in 2010 – led by the charity National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (NSPCC) – played these concerns down as the extension of the scheme was announced. Paul West, a chief constable, said it was ‘realistic’ to think that details would be kept quiet by individuals requesting them. The NSPCC had said that the schemes would need close managing at a local level, with proper resourcing for them to work and to prevent paedophiles going underground. The police, however, stressed that there would be no “widespread public

“SARA PAYNE ARGUED THAT THE EXISTENCE OF SUCH A LAW WOULD HAVE SAVED YOUNG SARAH’S LIFE”



Eight-year-old Sarah vanished while playing in cornfields next to her grandparents’ house in Sussex on 1 July 2000



ABOVE 41-year-old Roy Whiting at the time of his trial for Sarah’s murder; fibres from his clothes helped to convict him

RIGHT CENTRE Police launched an appeal to get information about the clown print curtain found in Whiting’s van

RIGHT BOTTOM Sarah’s hair was found on this red sweatshirt, belonging to Whiting. It helped seal his fate in court

FULL DISCLOSURE

NAME: ROY WHITING

AGE: 57

CURRENT RESIDENCE:
HMP WAKEFIELD

CONVICTIONS:

1995: Convicted of the abduction and sexual assault of a nine-year-old girl and sentenced to four years in prison.

2001: Convicted of the abduction and murder of Sarah Payne and sentenced to life in prison, with a minimum of 50 years (later reduced to 40 years).



A LAW FOR MEGAN

A child protection scheme in the US was the inspiration behind Sarah's Law. Megan's Law was established in California following the murder of Megan Kanka, aged seven. Megan, from New Jersey, went missing on 29 July 1994 and was found dead less than 24 hours later – raped and strangled by neighbour Jesse Timmendequas, 31. He had two previous convictions – for attempted aggravated sexual assault of a five-year-old, and the sexual assault of a seven-year-old – but the Kankas were unaware of this. After Megan's murder and the conviction of Timmendequas – who was given the death penalty, later commuted to life in prison without parole – her family campaigned for a scheme whereby local communities would be warned about sex offenders within that community. Megan's Law, which was signed by the California governor on 24 September 2004, enabled the public to be given information about the whereabouts of sex offenders, and all US states now have a form of the law.

Jonathan Simon, professor of law at the University of California, Berkeley, has previously written about Megan's Law in the context of American crime and democracy, arguing that both crime and the fear of crime form a large part of our 'fundamental decisions in life'. **Real Crime** spoke to him about Megan's Law.

What success has Megan's Law had, do you think, in preventing sex offences being carried out against children in the US?

I don't think there is any good evidence that they [such laws as Megan's Law and Sarah's Law] work, but it would be very difficult to tell, since the baseline for these crimes is highly unreliable due to under-reporting.

Do you think any potential benefit in these laws – such as in preventing repeat offending, or in making communities safer or creating a perception of safety – outweighs the rights of offenders?

To me, the real story [at the time of Megan's Law being introduced] was popular moral panic about children and a loss of confidence in law enforcement.

A moral panic is where a single event can be publicised or focused on by the media until it creates a false or exaggerated sense of threat or panic among a larger body of people. Professor Simon has studied other cases that he believes have prompted similar moral panics. Other academics have also looked at this concept of a 'sex offender panic' in recent years. Read in this light, it could be argued that the introduction of such laws were responses not to specific murders, but to fears about the perceived danger of offenders living in a locality, and about the capability of the police to stop individuals offending.



Californians Marc and Violet Klaas joined a march against paedophiles held in London in 2000 – their daughter Polly, 12, was murdered in 1993

disclosure”, but rather only disclosure to “affected parties”, such as someone who was living next door to a convicted child sex offender, and who had children that might be at risk. Sir Hugh Orde, then president of the Association of Chief Police Officers, said that with the implementing of Sarah’s Law, “We have got a real hope of keeping people safer and keeping young people safer.”

REGIONAL SCHEMES

One might expect that the murder of a little girl would unite the nation in trying to stop other sex offenders putting more families through what the Paynes had suffered. Yet Sarah’s Law originally only applied to England and Wales; a UK-wide disclosure scheme does not exist, and the establishment of individual schemes has been frustratingly slow.

In fact, it seems that it takes the murder of a child locally to gear people into action, and so it was another shocking murder in 2004 that pre-empted the establishing of a Scottish version of Sarah’s Law. Even in this case, though, it took another six years for the scheme to be rolled out across the country. On 25 June 2004, paedophile Stuart Leggate sexually assaulted and strangled Mark Cummings. Like Sarah Payne, the victim was eight years old, although he lived in Glasgow. Leggate, who had prior convictions for lewd behaviour towards children, told police that he committed the murder because, “The ‘old me’ came back.” As was the case with Roy Whiting, Leggate’s abduction of Mark was not planned, but made on the spur of the moment by a man with a known sexual interest in children.

Mark’s murder resulted in a 5,000-name petition being created, but still, the move to create Mark’s Law was met with opposition, such as from the chief superintendent of Strathclyde Police, Kevin Smith, who argued that offenders could not be watched 24 hours a day – there would always be a risk of them re-offending. However, it was decided that a pilot scheme would be run, similar to Sarah’s Law, in Tayside. This started in September 2009 and with its success, the following year it was extended across Scotland under the name ‘Keeping Children Safe’.

Northern Ireland still did not have a child sex offender scheme; neither Sarah’s Law nor Mark’s Law applied to it. It was only in June 2015 that a paedophile disclosure scheme similar to Sarah’s Law was proposed for the country, allowing parents or guardians to ask police if a person who has contact with children was a child sex offender. On 14 March 2016, the Child Protection Disclosure Scheme – described as ‘a Northern Ireland version of Sarah’s Law’ – came into effect. The disclosure of prior violent offences that could mean an individual is a risk to children takes the Northern Ireland scheme beyond the remit of Sarah’s Law.

“As long as sex offenders walk the streets, I will always be there,” Sara Payne once said, and by fighting for Sarah’s Law, she has tried to ensure that fewer sex offenders are able to walk their neighbourhood streets anonymously. But how successful has Sarah’s Law been? By December 2013, there had been 708 disclosures of paedophiles made across England, Wales and Scotland. Two years later, the NSPCC released figures that showed that only one in six applications to the police under Sarah’s Law were successful – a fact that, to the charity, meant that Sarah’s Law was ‘not working’. But this view dismisses the fact that some cases are successful, and that parents now have a means of getting information about who is living near them, and who might be a threat to their child. That they can do so is down to the concerted

“ BY DECEMBER 2013, THERE HAD BEEN 708 DISCLOSURES OF PAEDOPHILES MADE ACROSS ENGLAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND ”

efforts of Sarah Payne’s mother to make her little girl’s awful death have some sort of meaning. Sarah’s Law is still in operation, and continues to enable parents, guardians and third parties to try to find out the information they need to protect children in their care.

The introduction of Sarah’s Law, though, has brought little relief to her parents. Sara lobbied for the law and was awarded an MBE in 2008 for her work in this area, but has suffered from ill-health, including a stroke in 2009 and a collapse two years later. Sarah’s father, Michael, suffered from depression and alcoholism after his daughter’s death. He separated from Sara, and in 2011 was sentenced to 16 months in prison for attacking his brother. On 30 October 2014, he was found dead at home in Kent, aged 46; police reported no suspicious circumstances. It was a sad end to a tragedy that both blighted the family’s lives and led to a positive law aimed at stopping others experiencing similar pain.

BELOW In front of a photo of her murdered daughter, Sara Payne speaks at the Police Federation Conference, Blackpool, in 2003





RIGHT In the wake of Sarah's murder, as well as calling for a change in the law, the *News Of The World* published the names and addresses of 83 sex offenders

CHILD PROTECTION AGENCIES

Both the UK and US have national child protection agencies. In the UK, there is the NSPCC and the US, the American SPCC – the American Society for the Positive Care of Children.

NSPCC

Weston House, 42 Curtain Road,
London EC2A 3NH
Tel: 020 7825 2500
Tel (Childline): 0800 1111
Email: help@nspcc.org.uk

American SPCC

6965 El Camino Real, #105-526,
Carlsbad, CA 92009
Tel (Childhelp National Child Abuse Hotline): 1-800-422-4453
Email: info@americanspcc.org



ROUGH JUSTICE

STABBED, BLINDED, BEATEN AND SLASHED – WHITING'S 40 YEARS INSIDE IS PROVING TO BE NO EASY TIME SPENT

Roy Whiting has been subject to at least three attacks since he was convicted of Sarah Payne's murder. The first, in August 2002, saw him attacked by another convicted murderer, Rickie Tregaskis, who slashed his face with a razor. Whiting was left with a 15-centimetre-long scar on his right cheek.

In July 2011, double murderer Gary Vintner, who regarded Whiting as a "dirty nonce", stabbed Whiting in both eyes with a sharpened plastic toilet brush handle before kicking and punching him. Although left with a piece of plastic in his eye socket, and having to have several stitches, Whiting made a full recovery. Most recently, on 22 December 2015 at Wakefield prison, Whiting was attacked from behind by another prisoner, who beat and scalded him with a hot water flask. He was treated at the prison for minor injuries, but did not need hospital treatment



Roy Whiting gives a sickly smile as he arrives at court for sentencing after being convicted of Sarah's murder

INTERVIEW

ESSEX GANGLAND TRIPLE HIT

WHEN THE 90S RAVE SCENE CAME TO SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND, TWO MEN CONTROLLED THE DRUGS AND THE CLUBS: ESSEX HARDMAN BERNARD O'MAHONEY TALKS TO REAL CRIME ABOUT THE ECSTASY DEATH OF TEENAGER LEAH BETTS AND A BRUTAL GANGLAND SLAYING

WORDS BEN BIGGS

Late evening on 6 December 1995 and snow carpeted the ground of a farm track just outside the village of Rettendon in the county of Essex, England. A Range Rover crept along it with a dipped beam and then stopped. The driver killed the lights and then the men inside waited: what happened next, exactly, varies depending on who you speak to.

The official line, put together by the Old Bailey and based on the testimony of a 31-year-old man with a string of relatively minor offences, was that Patrick Tate, Tony Tucker and Craig Rolfe had paid £70,000 to Michael Steele for cannabis smuggled in from the Netherlands. The men were no small fry when it came to drug deals; Tucker had overseen the flow of ecstasy into the club where his former business partner, Bernard O'Mahoney, managed the doors. This club – Raquel's – was the same one where teenager Leah Betts had obtained her pills, subsequently dying from drug-related complications.

But the quality of the cannabis was terrible, so bad that the trio were unable to sell it. An enraged Tate, who had a notoriously volatile temper, threatened to kill Steele, who went on the counter-attack. He decided to make a peace offering to the trio by cutting them in on a huge and lucrative cocaine deal. All they had to do was join him on a drive to a pre-designated, quiet location, then make the trade.

Tate and Tucker agreed, secretly planning to steal the cocaine and possibly kill the courier too. But Steele and his accomplice, Jack Whomes, got the drop on them. As the

BIO BERNARD O'MAHONEY



Born in Bedfordshire in the South-East of England, Bernie served with the armed forces and later with private security firms in South Africa during the Apartheid era. He later returned to England where he managed the doors at the Essex nightclub Raquel's, made notorious by the ecstasy-related death of Leah Betts. Today, he's turned his hand to crime writing and film making, with the release of his documentary, *Essex Boys: The Truth*.

vehicle approached a locked gate, Steele got out on the pretence of opening it and Whomes, leaning in from the hedges where he had been hiding, let his pump-action shotgun sing, with Steele moving in for the coup-de-gras with his own weapon. When the gunshots subsided, the three gore-splattered men were left slumped inside their vehicle. They then called Darren Nicholls, who met them and drove them away from the scene of the crime.

Steele and Whomes were each given three life sentences for the murders, but the case has been controversial. Families of the two

convicted believe Nicholls made the whole story up to get leniency for his own crimes, and that many people had ample motive for killing the three men. Bernard O'Mahoney, who himself had fallen out with Tony Tucker long before his death, gives us his version of the events that have left an indelible mark on the Essex community.

Tell us a bit about your background – you were in contact with the Krays in the early days?

I grew up in a very small village near Wolverhampton and I went on the run to South Africa. While I was out there I got imprisoned. Then I escaped and came back to this country. I

RIGHT The three bodies still in the Range Rover were found on the snow-dusted, sludgy farm track the following morning by farmer Peter Theobald and his friend Ken Jiggins





got arrested for what I went on the run for... it's complicated. Then, when I got out, I settled with this girl from Essex that I met in Africa. I read about this boy who had been run over in South Africa – he was an English boy – and I discovered his mother grew up in the same street as me. He was only ten and had horrific injuries, so I tried to help him raise a bit of money and stuff. He got a fair bit of publicity because his injuries were quite unique at that time. There weren't many people who had survived what he had survived.

One day I got a phone call from Reggie Kray, who said he'd heard about this boy and he wanted to help him. So that was about... 1986, and the Krays helped me – but unfortunately the boy died. So one good turn deserves another and, they asked, "Could you do this for us, could you do that for us." A friendship grew out of that.

You've a military background and a fearsome street reputation yourself. Could you set the scene for us in Basildon when you were working at Raquel's?

As I said, they did favours for me and me for them. I'd just got out of prison and Reggie said, "Why don't you do a bit of door work?" I said, "No problem". So he said, "My friend's got a nightclub in Basildon called Raquel's: why don't you go along? I'll ring him up and he'll sort you out."

So I went there in 1987 and it was pretty much skinheads and girls in white bleedin' mini skirts, men getting ridiculously drunk and fighting each other. It was pretty awful really, just a drinking culture.

Everyone in there was trying to fuck each other or fight each other. The head doorman had this attitude... because these people had earned their reputations in the playground and were going to take them to their graves. You know, these local hardmen. They could come in the club on Friday night, glass someone, beat someone up and then they could be back in on Saturday night. So I thought, "This isn't the way to run anything." My view was that, if people wanted trouble they could have trouble and if they wanted to enjoy themselves, they could.

My dealing with things is a bit more violent than the head doorman's. We ended up falling out when somebody got stabbed: a guy from Leeds came to the door with a knife and was waving it about – [the head doorman] got stabbed. The doorman walked away and I took control of the door. So I decided to get rid of all the local doormen and bring in people from outside so that reputations didn't mean anything. I met a guy called Tony Tucker, who was a carpenter at the time. He was running the door for a similar type of nightclub that I was running – Hollywood in Romford. We had an agreement – I'd bring in his doormen from East London and employ them. He already had his company set up doing tax and invoicing, all of that. That's how we started off really.

Then in the late 1980s and early 1990s, the rave scene started, which was wonderful because all the people in the club stopped fighting. They were all taking ecstasy, loving each other. The downside was that there was a lot of money [in drugs] to be made. Tony Tucker decided to meet the demand, putting people into Raquel's and other clubs selling drugs, then we'd get a percentage of the money.



Raquel's was famously linked to the ecstasy death of Leah Betts. What was your reaction when she died?

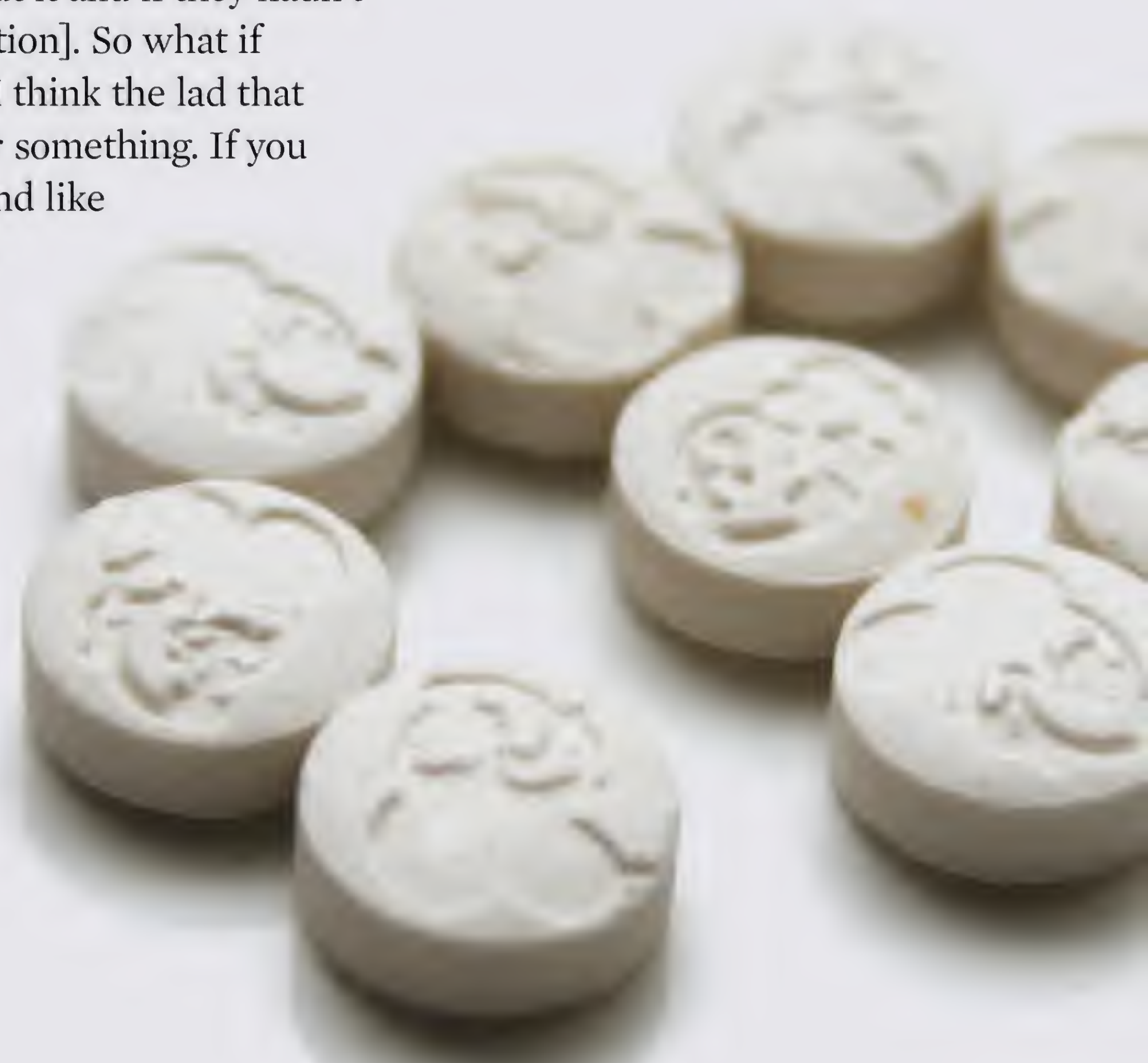
I kinda knew she was going to die because the police said she was going to die but... I've gotta be careful what I say here. They were keeping her alive to please the family, I suppose. Where there's life, there's hope, was the attitude. Obviously when she died you think, "She's a child. 18. She's a kid." It was terrible, absolutely terrible. Total waste of a life. You feel a bit angry and a degree of guilt.

So there was no hesitation on your part when it came to telling the police who supplied her drugs?

Absolutely not. I didn't even think about it and if they hadn't asked me I'd have offered [the information]. So what if someone got nicked for selling a pill... I think the lad that got nicked got a suspended sentence or something. If you run away and bury your head in the sand like Tucker and Tate did, I'd find it hard to live with that. The downside of doing that, all the focus of the media and the blame is aimed at you. People say, "Oh that doorman at Raquel's, he

Above (left to right) Tony Tucker, Pat Tate and Bernard O'Mahoney, in the years before they fell out

“THEY WERE JUST PATHETIC REALLY. THEY'D SIT AND SMOKE A GRAND'S WORTH OF CRACK BETWEEN THEM IN A DAY, NO PROBLEM”



Leah Betts's death triggered a campaign in which her picture was used to warn of the dangers of ecstasy



turned a blind eye." They never say, "Tony Tucker" or "Mark Murray," because they kept themselves out of it.

Would you say you were friends with Tucker the start?
Oh, absolutely, yes.

How did that partnership, your relationship, evolve up until his death?

He was a decent guy, a nice guy. He was a very business-minded person. I wouldn't call him a criminal. He'd give people a bit of tax but the government do that, you know what I mean? Then in 1993 a guy called Pat Tate came out of prison. Pat had escaped from a court – it was a bit dramatic – vaulted the dock and escaped on the motorway. So he was a bit of a name in Basildon... he was an absolutely huge man, they used to call him 'the hulk'. Pat came out of prison and Tony thought he was the best thing since sliced bread. Pat thought Tony was the best thing since sliced bread. Then Pat said, "How does all this nightclub business work?" And he was telling Tony, "Ah, you're mugs. I met some useful people in prison and rather than just take rent off the dealers, you should be supplying the dealers. Rather than buying pills wholesale you should be importing them yourself." I thought, "Oh my god, here we go..."

Tucker was a bit in awe of Tate – and Tate was in awe of him as well, oddly enough. They were two different people when they were on their own but when they were together, they were really explosive. Trying to show off to each other is the best way to describe it. So Pat went on this

DYING IN ECSTASY

AN 18 YEAR OLD GIRL DIES AND SUSPICION FALLS ON RAQUELS

On 11 November 1995, 18-year-old Leah Betts took an ecstasy tablet in her own home, bought from Raquel's nightclub. Four hours later she was in a coma; several days later, her life support was turned off. Her death came at a time when the police were battling an epidemic of ecstasy flowing into the country, and the media seized upon it. A pro-bono campaign was launched by a leading advertising company and the national spotlight was placed on the nightclub where the drug was procured. Particularly, how the drugs were allowed into Raquel's in the first place, which put head doorman Bernard O'Mahoney and his partnership with Tony Tucker under intense scrutiny.



“ THEY REALLY, REALLY UPSET PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY. TATE FELL OUT WITH HIS OWN MOTHER, WHO USED TO RUN THE BROTHELS ”

mission where... he went into prison and when he came out there was all this money to be made. He could rob a drug dealer and they couldn't go to the police. So he was robbing all the drug dealers with Tucker and [ingesting] shitloads of drugs. The more they took, the more unreasonable they became: Pat, when he came out, had gone to live with one of his former inmate friends, Steve Ellis ('Nipper'), because he had nowhere to live. Tucker became so drugged up that one day he attacked Nipper with Tate and a few other people, because of a stupid remark Nipper had made about his mistress. They threatened to cut his hand off, attacked his family and threatened to kidnap his sisters.

Nipper, he's not a hard man. He is what it says on the tin: a small, quiet-ish person. He didn't do [what he was about to do] because he wanted revenge or because he thought he was a hard man. He did it because he was absolutely terrified and firmly believed he was going to die: he shot at Tucker, he shot a Rolfe, they ran away and made statements to the police. He went around Pat's house, threw a brick through the window and shot Pat. So Pat was in Basildon hospital saying "I'm going to kill Nipper, I'm going to do this..." and he asked Tucker to bring a gun to his bed. He'd invite Nipper

to the hospital for peace talks then shoot him. That shows how drugged-up and stupid these people were. So as a nurse was making up Tate's bed, she found a gun, and because he'd only been out of prison a couple of months and was still on license, he was returned to prison. There was relative peace then, for a short period of time. Then he came out... this is hard to describe really. Within weeks, he was taking heroin – he'd been taking it in prison – and him and Tucker were smoking crack cocaine. All these films and all the bullshit about the glamour – it was tragic, it was sad to witness these two people. They were just pathetic really. They'd sit and smoke a grand's worth of crack between them in a day, no problem. It was just ridiculous. They were incoherent, they were threatening people, they just turned into complete arseholes really.

In *Essex Boys: The Truth*, you can see the emotion in Nipper's face when he's talking about it.

Absolutely, and that's 20 years on. He still cries about it, he was terrified.

Do you think they would have rubbed quite so many people up the wrong way if they hadn't gone into that spiral of drug abuse?

Absolutely, no way. If you look at all these little jimmies that think they're heroes, if you look at what they're famous for: Tate attacked a man in a Happy Eater restaurant because of an argument over a bill. People who work in Happy Eaters

BELOW FAR RIGHT Tate was found in the back of the Range Rover, with two blasts the head and one to the chest

BELOW RIGHT Tucker took at least one shotgun blast to the face. The scale of their injuries shocked the farmer who discovered them

BELOW The three men had no time to react as the shooting began. Rolfe, Tucker and Tate were found dead in their seats





LEFT Nipper was suspected of the murders, but he told *The Sun* in 1995: “It wasn’t me who did the shooting. I just know what happened from a very reliable source. But I’d love to shake the hand of the man who did it”

aren’t villains, they’re just straight Saturday kids basically. They tortured the guy who helped Tate’s misses move out of her bungalow into a women’s refuge – that was four or five of them. Four of them attacked Nipper for no reason, and Tate attacked another man in a pizza parlour because he didn’t give him the right toppings. When you look at what they did, they were nothing but bullies, do you know what I mean?

Everyone seemed to have beef with them by the end?

I said to the police when they asked me who did it “open the phone book, put your finger in and he’s probably got a motive.” [laughs]

Could anyone have ordered their deaths, or pulled the trigger themselves?

I know that there are a lot of people who wished they had. They really, really upset pretty much everybody. Tate fell out with his own mother, who used to run the brothels for him. He said “you want to be careful when you’re walking the dog.” She said, “What do you mean?” He said, “Because you might end up under the wheels of a lorry.” She actually wrote a note in her pocket saying, “If anything happens to me, my son Pat’s got something to do with it.” And she walked around with that in her pocket... he was a complete scumbag.



LIVE BY THE SWORD...

THERE WEREN'T MANY WHO MOURED THE PASSING OF THESE THREE GANGSTERS



TONY TUCKER

Bernie's former security business partner had his dealings on the wrong side of the law, including getting ecstasy in to Raquel's, but began a downward spiral into drugs and violence when he met the hardened criminal Patrick Tate.



PATRICK TATE

Tate had a nasty reputation and a rap sheet that included armed robbery alongside drug offences and an audacious escape from court. Crack cocaine and steroid abuse did nothing to suppress his fierce and volatile temper.



CRAIG ROLFE

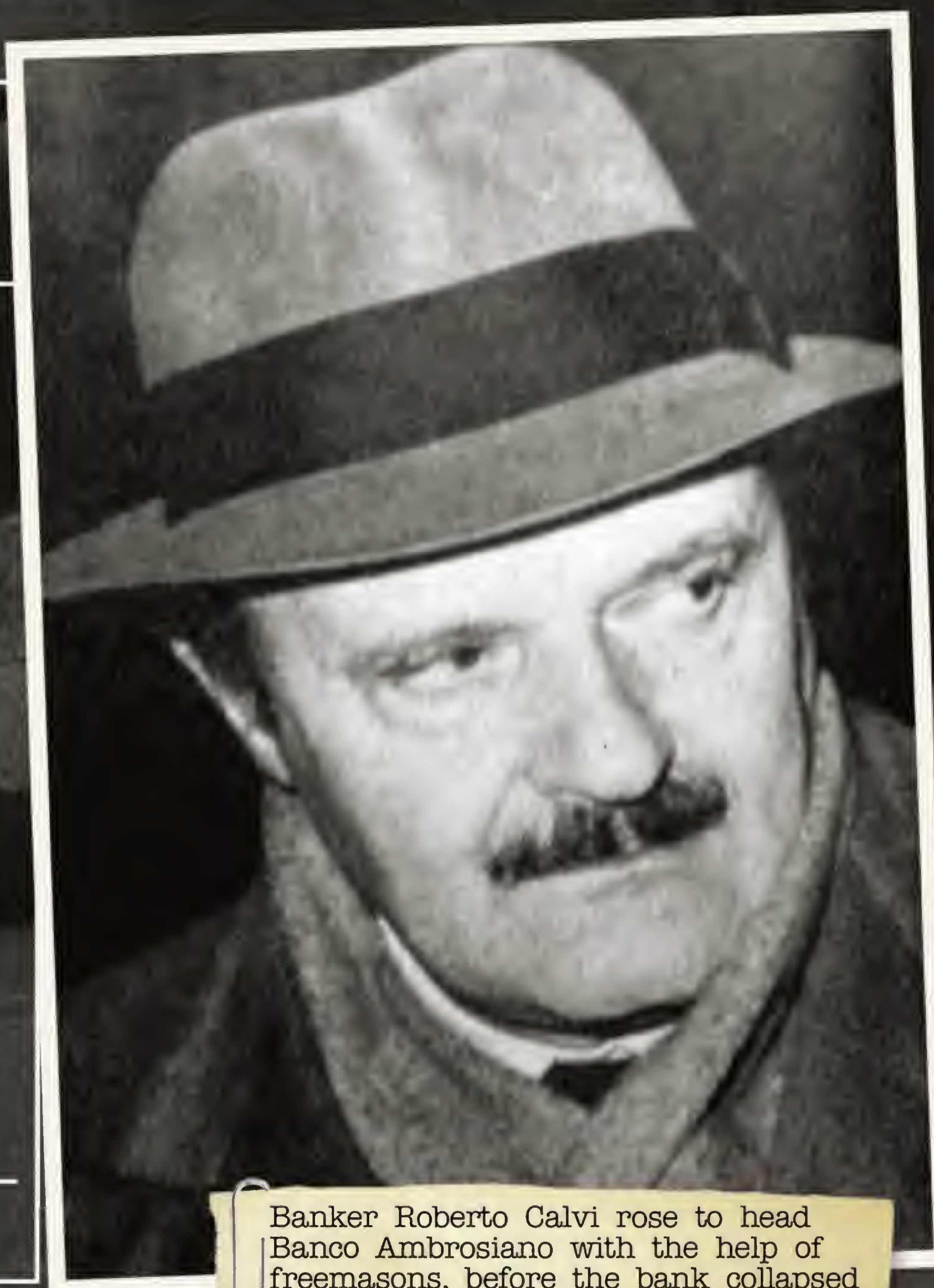
At 26, Rolfe was ten years the junior of Tate and Tucker. He was on the books for Tucker's security firm and often joined the two in robbing drug dealers as well as in drug deals – including the set-up that got led to the three getting killed.

UNSOLVED CASE

WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER?

BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF AN ITALIAN BANKER LAY A TRAIL OF SHADY FINANCIAL DEALS, BLOOD AND CORRUPTION THAT LED TO THE SICILIAN MAFIA AND THE HEAD OF A POWERFUL MASONIC LODGE, RIGHT UP TO THE VATICAN ITSELF

WORDS BEN BIGGS



Banker Roberto Calvi rose to head Banco Ambrosiano with the help of freemasons, before the bank collapsed





ABOVE After the collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Calvi was arrested and represented himself at trial

On 5 June 1982, Roberto Calvi, the chairman of Italy's catholic bank, Banco Ambrosiano, wrote a letter to Pope John Paul II from his office in Milan: "Holiness," he began with the usual protocol for addressing the head of the Catholic Church, "a possible collapse of the Ambrosiano Bank would provoke a catastrophe of unimaginable proportions in which the Church will suffer the gravest damage. It must be avoided at all costs.

"It was me, following the mandate of your authoritative representatives, who arranged significant financing of several countries and politico-religious associations in the east and the west. It was me, in agreement with Vatican authorities, who co-ordinated across the whole of South America, the establishment of numerous banking entities, mainly aimed at countering the penetration and expansion of neo-Marxist ideologies. It was me, finally, who is betrayed today by the very same authority for which I have always shown the utmost respect and obedience."

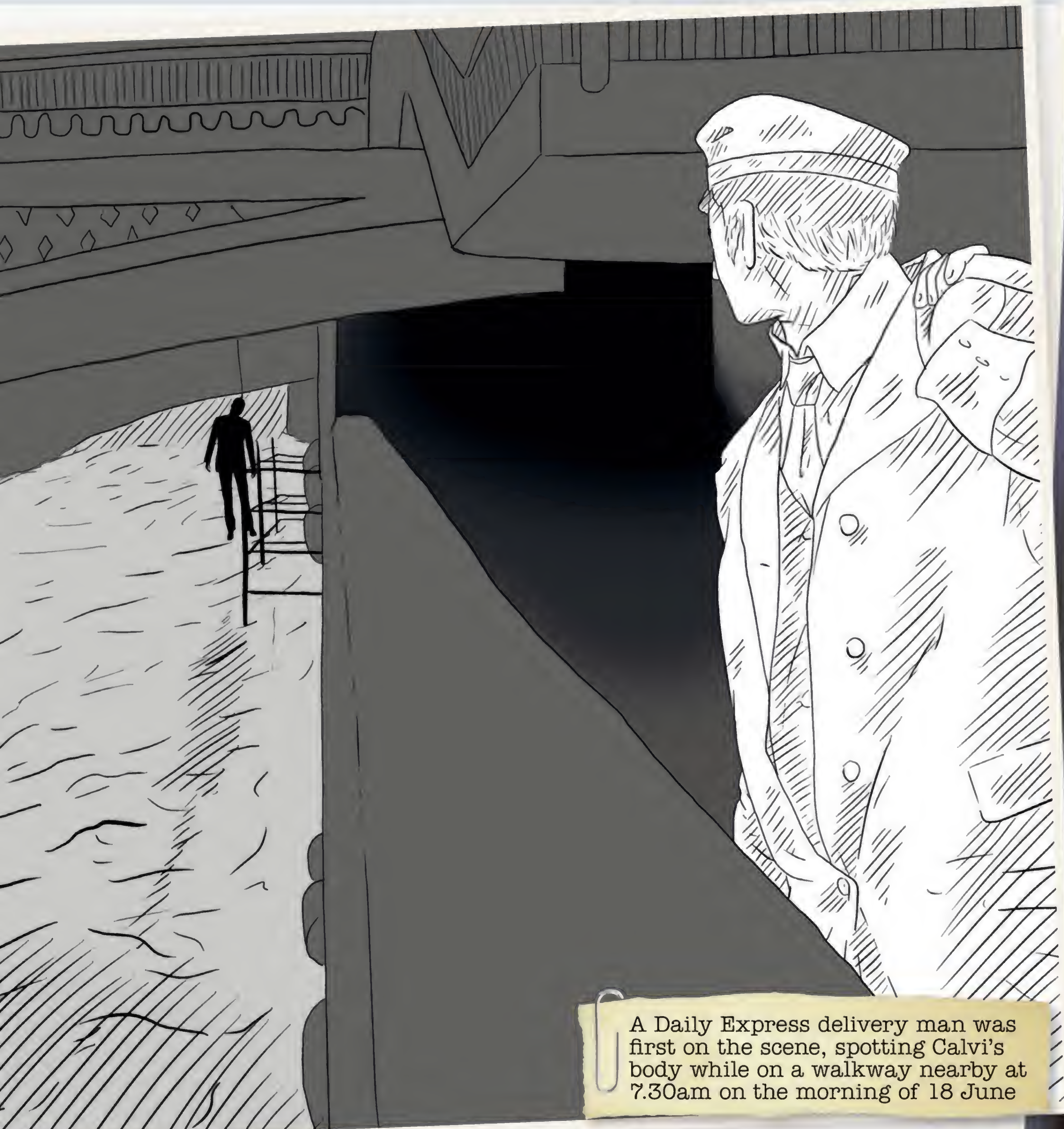
12 days later, following the highly publicised collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Roberto Calvi was found hanging from some scaffolding beneath Blackfriars Bridge in central London, England. It seemed like an obvious suicide to a casual observer and possibly to the man who had the misfortune to be the first to witness this disturbing scene. Some cursory digging, however, would reveal that Calvi had sanctioned illegal overseas transactions for huge sums of money, that he was facing a possible prison term and millions of pounds in fines and that he had already attempted suicide during a previous spell in jail. But he had been swimming with sharks. Calvi was a ranking member of the powerful, illegal and secretive P2 (Propaganda Due) Masonic lodge,

the head of which would have blanched at being connected to such a high profile case. Banco Ambrosiano was home to dirty Sicilian Mafia money too, which would have been swallowed up by the \$700 million to \$1.5 billion hole discovered in the bank's books. It was a debt that mafia 'cashier' Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò wouldn't simply have had Calvi's thumbs broken for, and neither would the mob have liked its dirty washing being laundered in the subsequent, very public investigation.

GOD'S BANKER

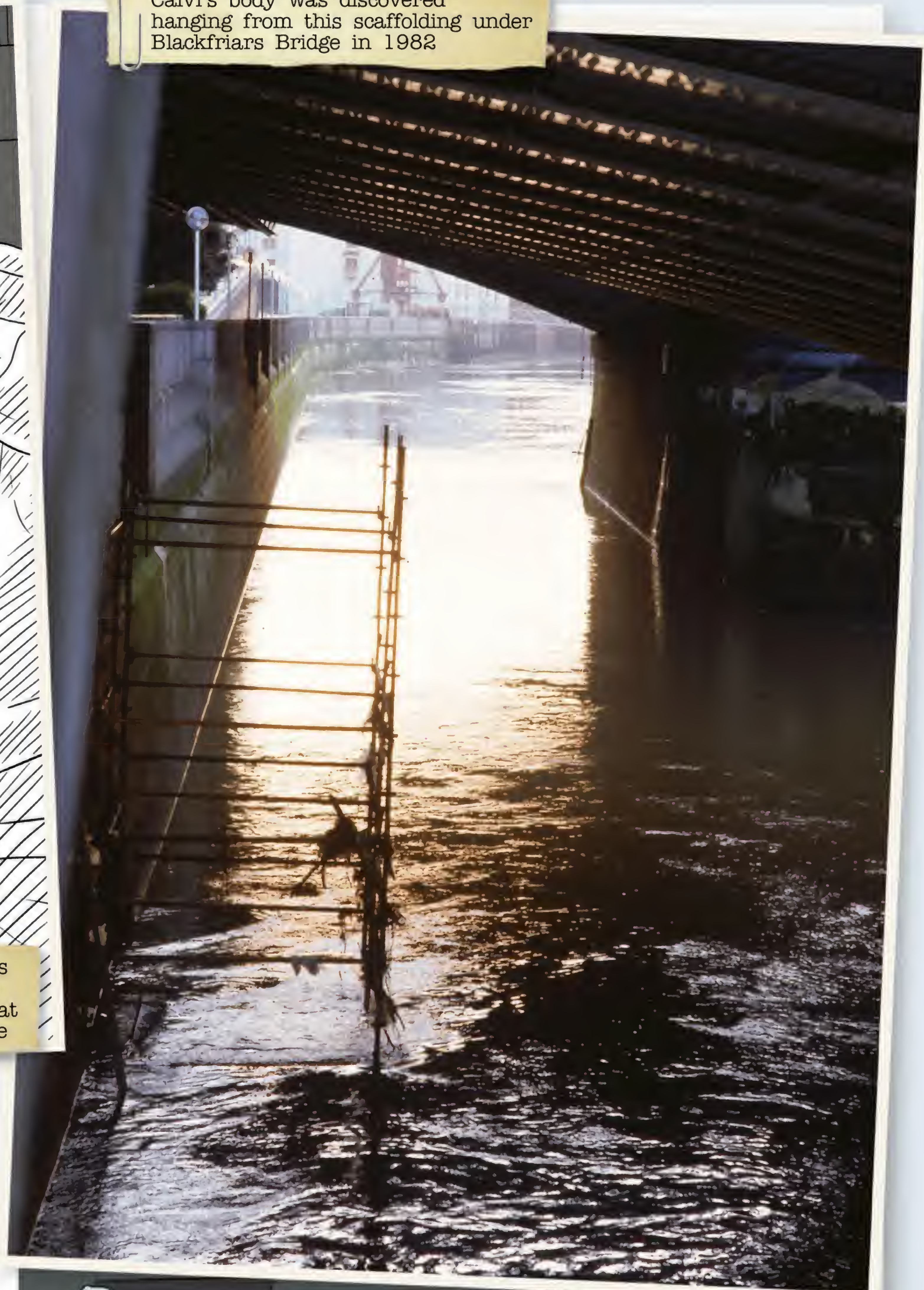
A potted history of Banco Ambrosiano shows how this financial institution started out with the best of intentions but placed itself in politically risky, legally grey and outright illegal positions when Roberto Calvi appeared on the scene. It was founded in 1896 as a Catholic bank in response to the apparently amoral and purely financially motivated banks of the day. Its mission statement is ironic in hindsight – Banco Ambrosia aimed to serve "moral organisations, pious works, and religious bodies set up for charitable aims." It became known as the 'priest's bank'; the Vatican was a major shareholder up until the bank's collapse and at one point, while Pope Pius XI's nephew Franco Ratti was chairman, it had a direct bloodline to the head of the Catholic

“ MI6 DISCOVERED A DEPOSIT OF \$200 MILLION TO FRANCE ON BEHALF OF PERU FOR ANTI-SHIP EXOCET AM39 MISSILES ”



A Daily Express delivery man was first on the scene, spotting Calvi's body while on a walkway nearby at 7.30am on the morning of 18 June

Calvi's body was discovered hanging from this scaffolding under Blackfriars Bridge in 1982



Church. But the bank's moral compass appeared to waver when Calvi was brought on board in 1967, rising to general manager and then chairman in 1975. Under his tenure, Banco Ambrosiano opened off-shore trading companies in the Bahamas and South America, where investments and funding to controversial political parties, like Nicaragua's Somoza dictatorship, were made. MI6, Britain's intelligence agency, also discovered a deposit of \$200 million made by a subsidiary of Banco Ambrosiano to France on behalf of Peru for anti-ship Exocet ('flying fish') AM39 missiles. France blocked the delivery of the missiles because there was a high probability that Peru would supply them to its ally, Argentina, to use against the British in the Falklands War.

Calvi also invested Banco Ambrosiano funds in the Rizzoli publishing house for Italy's *Corriere della Sera* daily newspaper, in order to give the P2 masonic lodge more influence in Italian media. He moved money out of the country and overseas to artificially inflate share prices and obtain risky loans with little security backing them. As early as 1978, just three years after Calvi's appointment to Banco Ambrosiano's top spot, the Bank of Italy was predicting financial ruin for the 'Priest's Bank'. Whether Calvi realised he was in too deep to turn the bank's fortunes around or simply thought he could continue to get away with it, he forged ahead for the next three years before he was arrested.

High profile banking and investment scandals, such as rogue trader Nick Leeson's spectacular takedown of Barings Bank or the global financial crisis of 2008 following the meltdown of the US housing market, usually involve no more than a handful of individuals risking serious jail time on a few coin flips. But Calvi must have known that he was putting his



ABOVE Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher plummeted to her death after jumping from a four-storey-high window, though some suspect she was pushed

life on the line as well as his freedom, when gambling with mafia and Freemason funds.

HE GIVETH AND HE TAKETH AWAY

It's been suggested that the Vatican was no passive party in Banco Ambrosiano's shady deals either. The 2002-film, *I Banchieri Di Dio (God's Bankers)* portrays the church flexing its muscle as the main shareholder to direct millions in mafia money to support the Polish Solidarity trade union, and help undermine communism in Eastern Europe. The stink of the scandal didn't stick to the church though, somehow no evidence came to light to directly link the Vatican to any financial misconduct. When the bank collapsed, the Vatican Bank (Istituto per le Opere di Religione) coughed up \$224 million to 120 creditors in recognition of its "moral involvement," then washed its hands. Chicago-born bishop Paul Marcinkus was president of the Vatican bank across the best part of two notorious decades, from 1971 to 1989 that were noted for its numerous scandals, including the receipt of \$14.5 million in counterfeit bonds. Following the Ambrosiano affair, he famously said, "You can't run the church on Hail Marys," then completely refused to co-operate with the investigators. And if nothing else oiled the wheels of the conspiracy theory generator, then that certainly did.

DAY OF RECKONING

The cogs of Italian justice turned slowly when the Bank of Italy produced its 1978 report and an investigation ensued into Banco Ambrosiano's fiscal dealings. Spanners in the works included the assassination of the investigating magistrate Emilio Alessandrini by a commando belonging to the left-wing terrorist group, Prima Linea, and the Bank of Italy inspector being arrested for alleged private interest in official acts. These charges were dropped and Alessandrini was acquitted in 1981. It's conceivable that someone or some organisation was pulling strings behind the scenes to put the brakes on the investigation, but if some shady character was trying to brush evidence that would connect them to the bank under the carpet, they weren't trying to protect Calvi's own personal interests.

On 17 March 1981, police raided the villa of Licio Gelli, the 'Worshipful Master' and head of P2, discovering a covert office for the Masonic lodge and a list of names of nearly 1,000 prominent P2 members – including Calvi's – plus more evidence of the chairman's hand in Banco Ambrosiano's financial downturn. The net had closed around God's Banker and it was on this evidence that he was arrested, trialed and sentenced to four years imprisonment. He tried to slit his wrists in prison but failed in his suicide attempt and was freed to return to his former position in the bank, pending a future appeals court appearance. Perhaps sensing that the walls were crumbling around Banco Ambrosiano, its mafia investors became more transparent in their efforts to control the situation, openly intimidating unfavourable members of staff. The new deputy chairman Carlo de Benedetti lasted just two months before he quit following threats. He was replaced by Roberto Rosone, who was forced to toe the line after he was shot. Finally, when news of the true scale of Banco Ambrosiano's financial deficit spilled out into the media, Calvi fled to Venice and from there, on a private jet

to London using a fake passport. Less than a day before his body was discovered, Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher dropped from the window of his office of the bank's headquarters in Milan, four floors to her death on the courtyard below. She left three sheets of typewritten suicide note taped to the desk that apologised, "...for the trauma I caused... I ask with as much fervour, apology and forgiveness to colleagues, superiors and to all those who care for me." She went on to condemn Calvi in red ink, "for all the damage done to all of us at the bank of whose image we once we so proud."

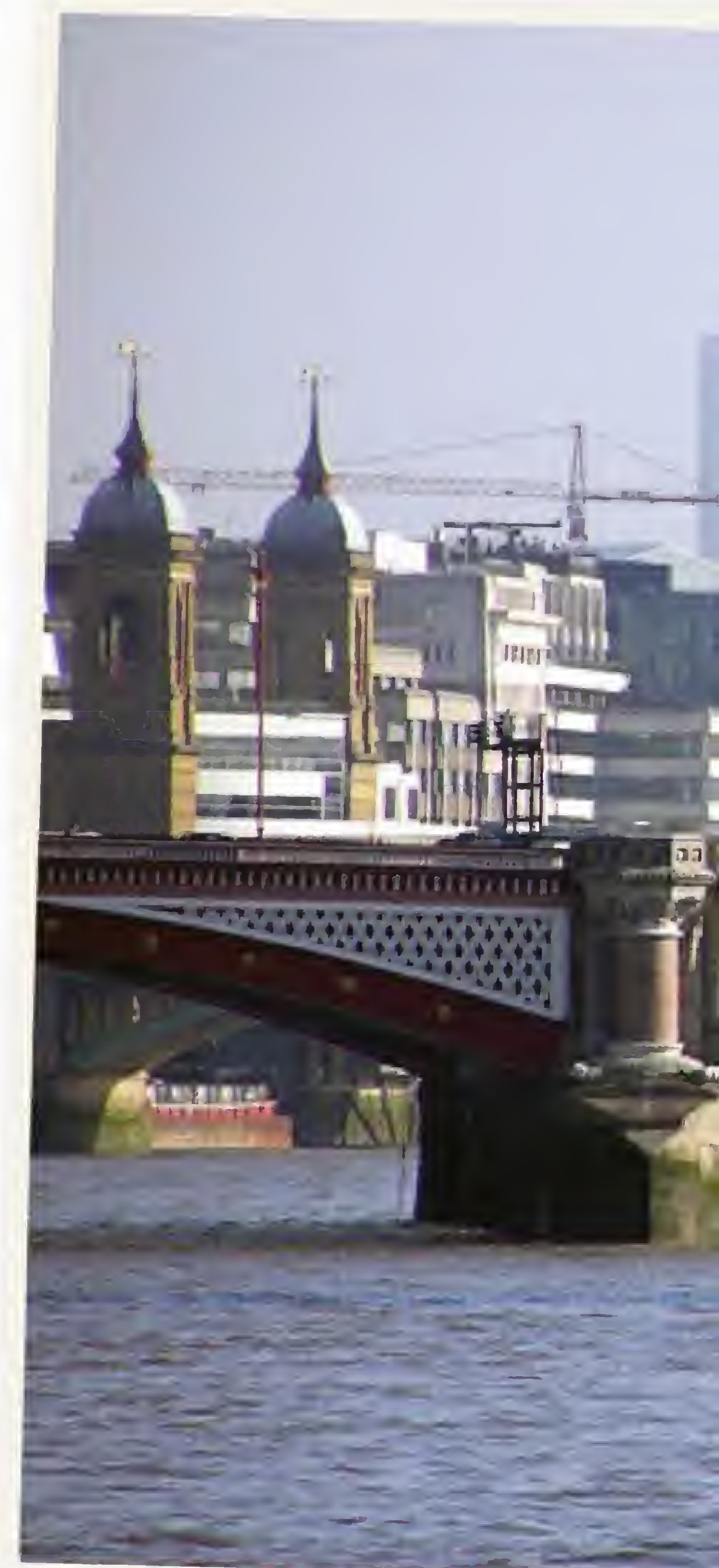
Her black leather shoes were placed neatly next to an office chair that was pushed up to the open window, and forensics found a set of central foot and toe prints on the windowsill. A handwritten note indicated the location of her last will and testament. Corrocher was unmarried and she considered the bank and her colleagues family. So unlike in Calvi's death, Corrocher's suicide ruling was uncontested, although more imaginative amateur sleuths suggested that she was either coerced into jumping or pushed from that window, to tie up any loose ends.

When Roberto Calvi was found hanging from a rope beneath the bridge in London a day later, there were bricks in his pockets along with thousands of pounds in cash, in three different currencies. It seemed that the second attempt this corrupt banker had made on his own life had succeeded, even the City of London police ruled out the possibility of foul play. This was open-and-shut, and a coroner recorded a suicide verdict in July 1982. For a very brief time, a line was drawn underneath this sorry episode in the history of Italy's financial world.

“ CALVI'S SECRETARY DROPPED FROM THE WINDOW OF THE BANK HEADQUARTERS TO HER DEATH ”

THE POPE MUST DIE?

In 1984, David Yallop's book *In God's Name* suggested that Pope John Paul I, head of the Catholic Church for just 33 days from 26 August 1978 before he died under mysterious circumstances, was assassinated because of the brewing Ambrosiano scandal's links to Paul Marcinkus and the Vatican bank. On the morning of 29 September, he was found in his bed, his reading light still on and a copy of *The Imitation Of Christ* lying open next to him. A Vatican doctor said that he had likely died an hour after retiring, at around 11pm, of a heart attack, although an autopsy was not confirmed. The official Vatican account of the events surrounding his death didn't add up and there were contradictory statements over who found his body. Yallop's own sensational claims that John Paul I died with a list of P2 names in his clenched fist, subsequently burned, were (unsurprisingly) not confirmed by the Vatican, but neither were they in any way denied.



THE BURDEN OF PROOF

LITTLE EFFORT, IF ANY, HAD BEEN MADE TO COVER UP CALVI'S MURDER. WAS SOMEONE SENDING A MESSAGE?



VICTIM LIGATURE MARKS

Following the exhumation of Calvi's corpse, the ligature marks found around his neck were thought not to have been cause by hanging, but by being choked



CLUE RISING TIDE

The tide in the Thames had gone out by the time Calvi's body was found, making it appear a hanging. But at the time of death, the high tide could have allowed for someone to reach the top of the scaffolding where the rope was tied by boat.



ABOVE Calvi likely died being garrotted by a mafia hitman before his body was discovered



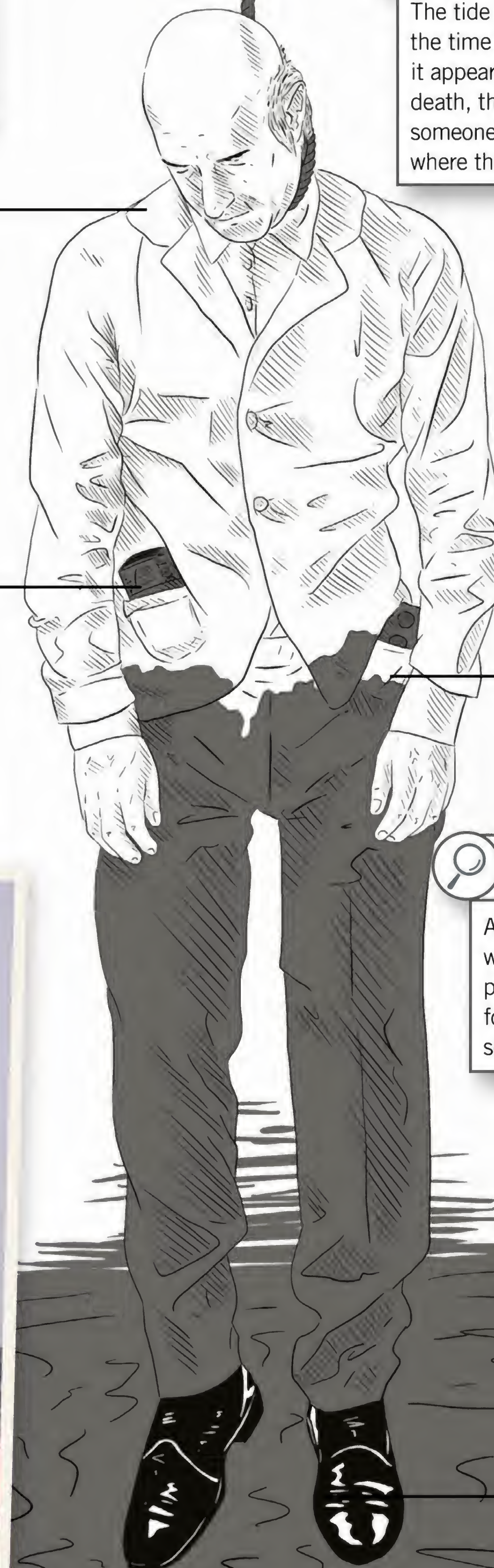
CLUE DIRTY CASH

Stuffed into Calvi's pockets was nearly £10,000 in cash in three different currencies. It could be simply because Calvi had recently travelled across Europe, but it could equally have been a message of some kind.



CLUE DEAD WEIGHT

Around nine kilograms of bricks were stuffed into the dead man's pockets, but Calvi's prints weren't found on them, suggesting someone else put them there.



CLUE SHINY SHOES

If Calvi had climbed onto the scaffolding and hung himself, then traces of rust and paint would have been found on his shoes. But there were none whatsoever.



CLUE THE BLACKFRIARS

Calvi was hung under Blackfriars Bridge in London, and members of the P2 masonic lodge also referred to themselves as frati neri – 'black friars'. Mere coincidence?



THE INVESTIGATION

AS THE CALVI FAMILY PRESSED THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE TRUTH, POWERFUL FORCES CONSPIRED AGAINST THEM

Calvi left a grieving widow, Clara, and a son, Carlo, behind him. Whether intuition told them something wasn't right or they simply refused to believe that he would hang himself, the suicide verdict didn't sit well with them. London City Police had made its mind up that this was a suicide within two days, so his family pursued their own investigation and pressed for a second opinion, which they got. At a second inquest in 1983, the jury overturned the decision of the original jury and recorded an open verdict: the court could not settle on a cause of death.

It was hardly the closure Clara and Carlo Calvi were looking for, so mother and son commissioned a private investigation in 1991, securing the services of New York firm Kroll Associates, who fielded the case out to senior case manager Jeff Katz in London. Katz was a renowned investigative reporter whose résumé included breaking the news of Kennedy's assassination to *New York Times* writers, preparing intelligence reports for the United States Air Force on the Vietnam War and investigating the dodgy practices of the pension fund plundering media mogul, Robert Maxwell. He pushed the UK's Home Office to conduct more forensic tests that resulted in another report, which concluded that Calvi could not have climbed the scaffolding he was

found hanging from. Irrespective of the fact the 62-year-old would have found it difficult, maybe impossible, to climb and position himself long enough to hang himself, no rust or paint from the scaffolding was found on Calvi's shoes. Kroll Associates submitted the findings to the police and the Home Secretary in October 1992. Both dismissed the report, and Calvi's family were back to square one.

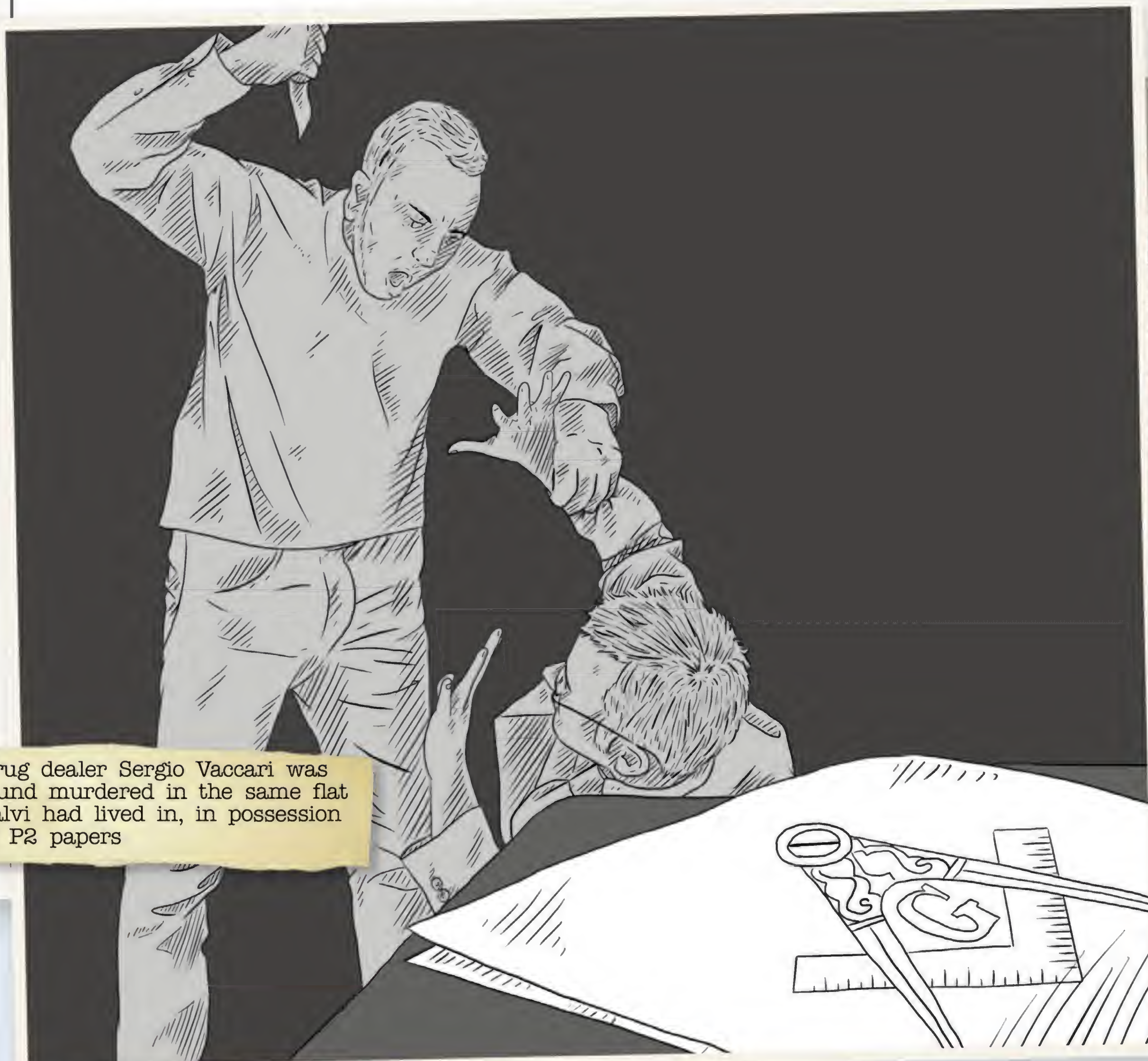
For several years, the open verdict was left chilling in the back of a police filing cabinet until an Italian court appointed a panel of experts, including a German forensic expert named Bernd Brinkmann, to take another crack at the case. In 1998, the tests carried out in Jeff Katz's report were repeated alongside other forensic tests, and Calvi's body was exhumed and thoroughly examined. The evidence from this could not be so easily swept aside this time. In October 2002, this published report agreed with Katz's findings and added more compelling evidence for Calvi's murder, including ligature marks around the dead man's neck that were inconsistent with hanging.

It went so far as to implicate ten people in Calvi's murder and even name four of them, one being Pippo Calò, a high-ranking mob 'cashier' who was accused of ordering the hit. For a while Mafioso Francesco Di Carlo, aka 'Frankie the Strangler' (who was doing 25 years

for importing 60 kilograms of pure heroin into the UK at the time) was suspected as the actual killer. "I was in university," said Di Carlo in a 2013 interview with *The Guardian* newspaper, "that's what I called the prisons in England. We were all in the association room watching television when the news came on that the killer of Calvi was Francesco Di Carlo. All the prisoners and guards looked over and stared. I just shrugged my shoulders and said that they must be talking about someone else with the same name as me." But Di Carlo denies murdering Calvi.

"I was in Rome and received a phone call from a friend in Sicily telling me that a certain high-ranking mafia member had just been killed. I will never forget the date because of this: it was 16 June 1982 – two days before Calvi was murdered. The friend told me that Pippo was trying to get hold of me because he needed me to do something for him. In the hierarchy of Cosa Nostra, he was a general, I was a colonel, so he was a little higher up, my superior... when I finally spoke to Pippo, he told me not to worry, that the problem had been taken care of."

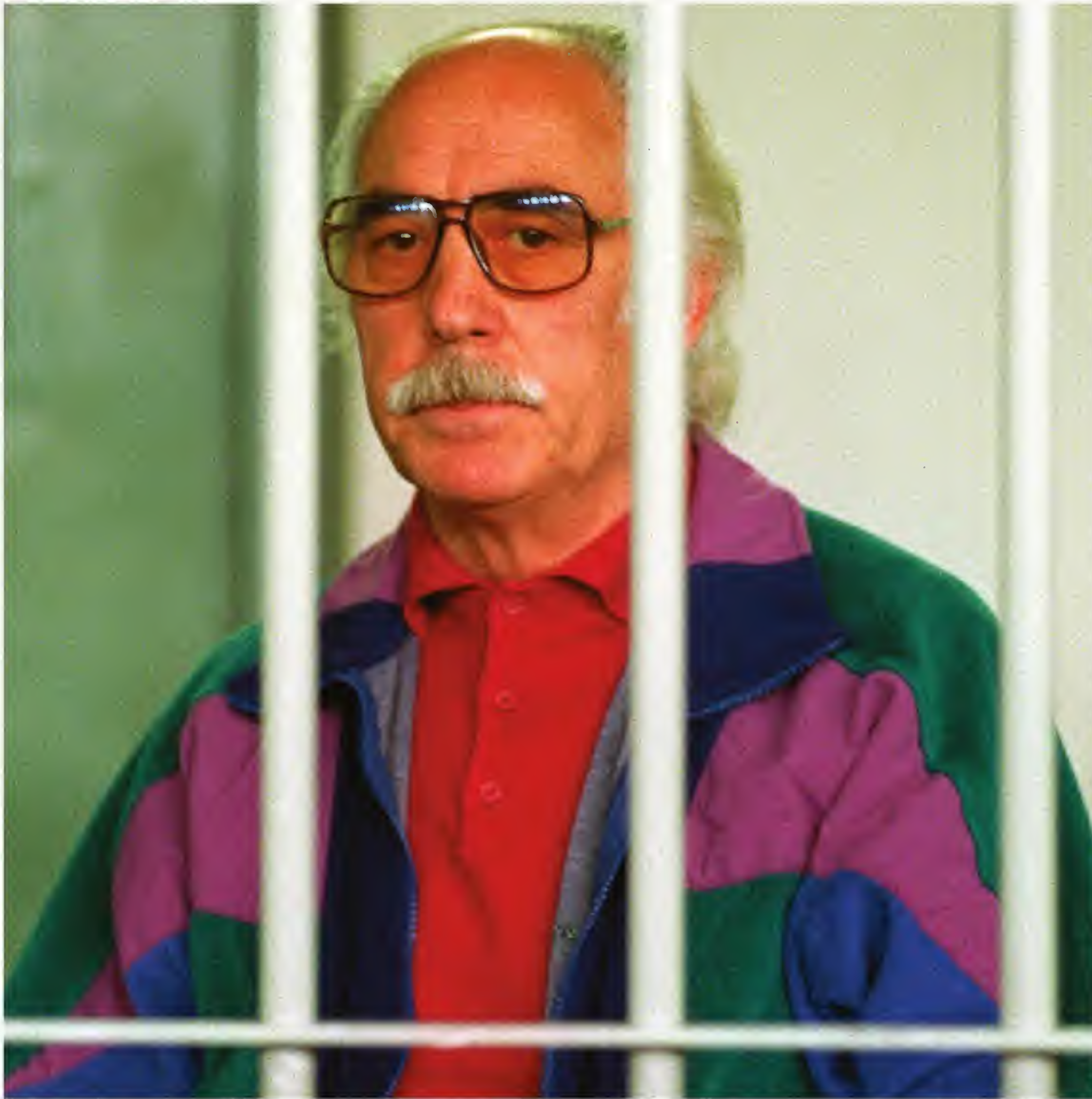
It took until 5 October 2005 for five people – including Pippo Calò – to be charged with Calvi's murder and brought to trial in Rome. Less than two years later, the judge cleared all of them and threw the case out due to a lack of evidence.



Drug dealer Sergio Vaccari was found murdered in the same flat Calvi had lived in, in possession of P2 papers



ABOVE The coffin containing the body of Italian banker Roberto Calvi is removed for exhumation



ABOVE Allegedly the one who ordered the hit on Roberto Calvi, Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò was a Sicilian mob 'cashier' and boss of the Porta Nuova mafia family



ABOVE Flavio Carboni was one of five people arrested and put on trial for the murder of God's Banker in October 2005, then subsequently cleared of all charges

THE AFTERMATH

CORRUPT AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS WIGGLED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COURTS, AND WITH EVERY YEAR THAT PASSES, THE LIKELIHOOD OF CATCHING CALVI'S KILLER BECOMES LESS AND LESS LIKELY

"Calvi was naming names," said Di Carlo, "No one had any trust in him any more. He owed a lot of money. His friends had all distanced themselves. Everyone wanted to get rid of him. He had been arrested and he had started to talk. Then he had tried to kill himself by cutting his wrists. He was released, but knew he could be rearrested at any time. He was weak, he was a broken man.

"I was not the one who hanged Calvi. One day I may write the full story, but the real killers will never be brought to justice because they are being protected by the Italian state, by members of the P2 masonic lodge. They have massive power. They are made up of a mixture of politicians, bank presidents, the military, top security and so on. This is a case that they continue to open and close again and again but it will never be resolved. The higher you go, the less evidence you will find."

It's a view shared by Katz, who stated simply in an interview with *The Guardian* in 2007 "The problem is that the people who probably actually ordered the death of Calvi are not in the dock – but to get to those people might be very difficult indeed... you're talking about the Italian state, political and religious institutions here."

The charges rolled their way along the conveyor belt of the Italian justice system in a predictable fashion, through appeals and finally onto the last court – a last resort – which held up the acquittals of the accused. Licio Gelli, venerable master of the P2 masonic lodge had served time under house arrest for his involvement in funnelling funds through Banco Ambrosiano, and mafia boss Pippo Calò had been given a life sentence for murder and money laundering (among other offences) that began 1985. Neither of these sentences were related to the murder of Roberto Calvi, however.

When Pope Francis was elected to head the Catholic Church in 2013, he appointed a commission to reform the Vatican Bank, which led to four cardinals being sacked and German banker Ernst von Freyberg being brought in as its head. Journalist Philip Willan investigated Calvi's murder in his book *The Last Supper*, and told European CEO magazine he thought the intentions behind the reforms were true, but that, "...there are powerful forces ranged against the reformists. The recent scandals show how a habit of flouting the law had become deeply ingrained among senior Vatican bureaucrats and their friends."

THE MURDER OF RACHEL NICKELL



AFTER A BOTCHED INVESTIGATION, SEXUALLY SADISTIC SERIAL KILLER ROBERT NAPPER WAS FINALLY CONVICTED OF SLAYING A YOUNG MOTHER

WORDS PHIL WATTS

BACKGROUND

Rachel Jane Nickell was murdered on Wimbledon Common in July 1992. She was sexually assaulted and then stabbed 49 times by her attacker. These horrific events were witnessed by her two-year-old son, Alex, who was still clinging to her lifeless body when she was found. The case quickly became front-page news, and due to the public outcry, the police were placed under huge pressure to find the killer. By the autumn of that year, the police were convinced the murderer was Colin Stagg, a man who was known to regularly walk his dog on Wimbledon Common, in spite of a total lack of forensic evidence against him.

To try and force a confession, the police devised a plan to use a female officer to fake a romantic interest in Stagg. The undercover officer feigned a liking for Satanism while also showing an interest in the murder, but Stagg did not confess even when subtly prompted. A criminal psychologist was employed to help the police in their investigation. He came up with an offender profile that matched Colin Stagg, leading the police to eventually charge Stagg with Nickell's murder in August 1993.

The trial quickly collapsed, with the use of a female officer as a honey trap condemned by the judge, who labelled it as "deceptive conduct of the grossest kind." In spite of this, both the police and the press were still suspicious of Stagg. This left the investigation at somewhat of a dead end, until 2000, when Scotland Yard began to review the case.

TURNING POINT

They began to re-examine the files that contained the list of potential suspects, and

"These paint flecks were tested against samples from Napper's toolbox using DNA profiling, and they were found to be a match"

assessed the possibility of the murder being linked to other crimes. The police also began retesting the victim's clothing in the hope they would find something new. This process lasted for 18 months. Advanced DNA analysis was now available, which enabled the police to test a sample from Nickell's clothes that they were unable to test during the original investigation. They found male DNA on a tape sample taken from the victim's skin, which had been in storage for 12 years. It was only enough to produce a partial profile, but it ruled out her boyfriend and son, meaning it had to be from someone else she came into contact with immediately prior to her death.

A convicted killer named Robert Napper, who had killed a woman and her daughter in 1993, was identified as the prime suspect. He had been a suspect at the time of the killing, but had been largely ignored due to the focus on Colin Stagg.

Napper had been exposed to a great deal of violence as a child. His parents were often violent towards one another during their marriage and he was assaulted on a camping holiday by a family friend, at the age of 12. Police began to investigate Napper, and retested a red toolbox they had been storing since he was arrested in 1993. Nickell's son's hair had been tested immediately after her death, and police found red paint flecks that they stored with the original evidence. These paint flecks were tested against samples from Napper's toolbox using DNA profiling, and they were found to be a match.

AFTERMATH

Three years after the murder investigation had reopened and in light of the new evidence against him, Robert Napper was charged with the murder of Rachel Nickell and committed for trial. For his wrongful involvement in the initial investigation, Colin Stagg received £706,000 compensation, awarded to him from a discretionary scheme that had been started to award the victims of miscarriages of justice. He also received a full apology from Scotland Yard.

During the trial, Napper would not confess to the murder, but did eventually confess to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility. He was also convicted of the double murder of Samantha Bisset and her four-year-old daughter in 1993.

Like his 1992 murder, he had stabbed Samantha Bisset repeatedly in the neck and chest, but this time he also attacked the child, smothering her until she stopped breathing. He then mutilated the 27-year-old mother's body to such an extent that the sight of it caused the police photographer to leave his post for two years.

Napper was sent to Broadmoor indefinitely. As well as these horrific crimes, many believe that Napper is the man known as the 'Green Chain rapist' who was responsible for a minimum of 70 attacks across south-east London between 1990 and 1994, although he has not been convicted of these rapes.

50 SHADES OF GREY GONE WRONG

HOW A BEAUTY QUEEN'S FEVERISH INFATUATION LED TO THE ABDUCTION AND RAPE OF A MORMON MISSIONARY AND A TABLOID FRENZY

The year is 1977. The Queen is celebrating her Silver Jubilee and Britain is awash with royal fever. It is the summer of the Ashes, and England beat Australia three-nil in a five-Test series. Meanwhile, Virginia Wade beats Betty Stove in the Ladies' Singles title at Wimbledon and Manchester United win the FA Cup.

But away from royal and sporting glories, our story begins the previous year thousands of miles from England in Salt Lake City, Utah – the home of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, better known as the Mormons.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Born on 6 August 1949, Joyce McKinney was a blonde, brown-eyed former Miss Wyoming World beauty queen measuring 38C-24-36 and standing 5ft 7in. She was the spoiled only child of David and Marilyn, two school teachers from North Carolina, who graduated with a Master's degree but not the PhD that she would claim. Despite her physical attributes and intellect, she was not satisfied and yearned to be famous.

After her conversion to Mormonism in 1972, she would achieve that aim, albeit not in the way perhaps she had envisaged.

In 1973, she moved to Provo, Utah, and enrolled at the School of Theatre and Cinematic Arts at the church's Brigham Young University. "Don't call me Joyce," she told the male students (she rarely had anything to do with the female ones), "My

name is Joy. Like in Joy To The World, you know, the hymn."

McKinney's first amorous target was Wayne Osmond of the celebrated singing family. His mother, Olive, did all she could to prevent the buxom blonde's involvement with her fourth son. Despite their closeness, Joy learned that Wayne had his own beauty queen – Kathlyn White, a former Miss Utah, whom he married in November 1974. The news sent Joyce into a downward spiral and she ended up in hospital with emotional trauma. The Osmonds' PR Ron Clark said, "She became very possessive of a light friendship."

ICE CREAM FOR KIRK

A chance meeting outside an ice cream parlour on the main drag in Provo threw McKinney together with 6ft 2in Kirk Anderson, aged 19. She was sitting in a flashy persimmon-coloured Chevrolet Corvette and was dressed, as always, provocatively. When Anderson was asked if he thought McKinney was beautiful, he said "It was the car I noticed first."

They had a brief fling that ended in August 1975 (apparently both were virgins prior to consummating the affair) and she claims that she became pregnant but miscarried. Feeling guilt at losing his chastity against the teachings of his church, Anderson confessed to his bishop, by which time Joy had become infatuated and started to stalk him. Kirk's car was run off the road and his windows at home smashed. The church headquarters told Anderson that it might be better if he left for missionary work elsewhere. The church moved Anderson to California and then Oregon, where, in an effort to escape her attention, he lived under an assumed name. Joy was in hot pursuit so it was decided that a posting overseas might deter the besotted blonde.



ABOVE Kirk Anderson was a Church of Latter Day Saints devout. It seemed unlikely that the tall, stocky Mormon could be forced to do anything by the petite McKinney

Distraught, McKinney found herself depressed and was voluntarily admitted to the Timpanagos Center in Provo for treatment. McKinney claimed that she escaped through a window. She hired a private detective to follow Anderson wherever he went, paying for the detective by posing for bondage porn magazines and working as an escort performing BDSM and oral sex.

Kirk Anderson, a missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, arrived at his new location in East Grinstead, Sussex in September 1976. He moved to Reading before settling into Milton Gardens, Epsom with 21-year-old Kimball Smith. Assuming he was now safe from McKinney's clutches, Anderson went about

his business. He could not know that the worst lay ahead.

HERE COMES THE FBI

McKinney hired Finlays Bureau of Investigation, a private detective agency in south London, using the name Beth Palmquist, paying £120 (the equivalent of about £900 in modern terms). They discovered Anderson at the church in East Ewell and McKinney set off in hot pursuit, accompanied by Keith May, who was as besotted with McKinney as she was with Kirk. Using the names Kathie Vaughn Bare and Paul van Deusen, they arrived at Heathrow on 5 August 1977.

Exactly a fortnight later, May (aka Bob Bosler) had introduced himself to Elder Anderson, then 21, and said that he was considering converting to Mormonism. The plan had been put into action.

On Thursday 15 September 1977, Scotland Yard announced that Anderson had disappeared in “most unusual circumstances”. The day before, Anderson had agreed to meet Bosler and his female friend at a tabernacle on Banstead Road, East Ewell, Surrey. That was the last time he had been seen.

The police were worried. They contacted their counterparts in Salt Lake City, Utah, who alerted them to Anderson’s history of being stalked by an obsessive woman.

FREE AT LAST

Three days after his kidnapping, Kirk Anderson reappeared, claiming that a woman and a male accomplice had held him, tied and handcuffed, in a remote cottage in Lower Halstock, Okehampton on the edge of Dartmoor.

Detective Chief Superintendent William Hucklesby, later the head of the anti-terrorist squad, asked the public for help in tracking down two Americans portraying themselves as man and wife. They were 24-year-old assistant architect Keith Joseph May and 28-year-old Joyce McKinney, who went under a sleuth of pseudonyms. Within hours, Devon and Cornwall Constabulary arrested the two in their hired car at a roadblock on the A30. They found the cottage where Kirk had been held, which had been rented for £50 a week under the name of honeymooning couple Mr and Mrs Layton. The police examined the room in which Anderson had been kept and discovered an array of bondage items.

DCS Hucklesby said, off the record, “This is the most extraordinary case I’ve ever investigated. All I can say is that we found, er, certain equipment. I can’t go into details but I’ll tell you what; I’ve never been lucky enough to have something like this happen to me.”

RIGHT There was (and still is) a disappointing lack of evidence for exactly what happened, but the best stories are those with unanswered questions, which left Fleet Street to make it as salacious and scandalous as it liked



“ I’VE NEVER BEEN
LUCKY ENOUGH TO
HAVE SOMETHING LIKE
THIS HAPPEN TO ME ”

DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTEN-
DENT HUCKLESBURY

The car had contained two imitation .38 revolvers; a bottle of ether mixed with chloroform; baby doll nighties and a wedding trousseau; tapes of soothing music; cinnamon-flavoured rubbing oil and fur-lined handcuffs.

On 29 September, McKinney and May appeared in court charged with forcibly abducting, assaulting and unlawfully imprisoning Anderson. They were remanded in custody for a week by magistrates at Epsom, Surrey.

PRAY FOR THE MORMON

As she arrived in court on 6 October for a second hearing, McKinney exposed herself in a struggle with a female prison warder, much to the delight of the press photographers. She held up notes written on pages torn from the Bible that read, "Ask Christians to pray for me", "Please tell the truth. My reputation is at stake", "He had sex with me for four days" and "Please get the truth to the public. He made it look like a kidnapping."

At a hearing on 13 October, DCS Hucklesby explained that McKinney had entered Britain on a false passport and forged papers in eight fake names. McKinney had confessed her intention to use handcuffs, leg shackles, imitation guns and a mixture of ether-chloroform in the kidnapping. For the defence, Stuart Elgrod, a young court-appointed solicitor, said, "Passion was the motive."

“ ON THE FIRST NIGHT, MCKINNEY AND ANDERSON KISSED AND HUGGED IN BED. ON THE SECOND NIGHT, ANDERSON WAS TETHERED TO IT ”

McKinney and May were remanded in custody for a second time after police opposed bail, as DCS Hucklesby had convinced the court, "I believe Miss McKinney would attempt to interfere with Anderson." McKinney was held at HM Prison Holloway, where, she informed her parents, the lesbians there would simply not leave her alone.

ROPES AND CHAINS AND CINNAMON OIL

At the hearing on 23 November, prosecuting counsel Neil Dennison, QC retold the events, stating that from their first meeting in Provo, Utah there had been a strong sexual attraction between the two, but that Anderson had been racked with guilt for engaging in pre-marital sex and tried to end the affair.

On the day of his abduction, Anderson met May and had pulled a fake gun on him. "I felt him push something into my ribs and he grabbed my shoulder. I was startled, and, as I looked down, I saw a gun. I was quite scared. He told me to

come with him. I did not then know the gun was imitation. He took me over to a car parked about 50 yards away. I got into the rear seat. Joy was in the front seat wearing a dark wig and she had another gun. I thought that was real, too. She said something like how did I think '8,000 miles of ocean was going to keep us apart' or something to that effect. She got into the back seat with me about five minutes after we left the chapel. She told me to put my head down and Bob told her to put a blanket over my head so I could not see where I was going."

May drove to the cottage at Okehampton, where McKinney prepared southern fried chicken, mashed potatoes and chocolate cake – Anderson's favourite foods. She made it clear that Anderson could not leave until he agreed to marry her. In the bedroom after dinner, the bed was made up with blue silk sheets "to match Kirk's eyes."

On the first night, McKinney and Anderson kissed and hugged in bed but went no further. On the second night, May used a 10ft chain to tether Anderson to it and left the pair alone for twenty-four hours.



ABOVE McKinney with Fleet Street journalist Peter Tory, who wrote for the *Sunday Express*, *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Star*. Tory followed McKinney for the scoop after *The Express* paid her £40,000

RIGHT A former beauty queen of Miss Wyoming World (not to be mistaken with the 'Miss Wyoming' competition), McKinney was used to being in the limelight. She claims to have an IQ of 168

FAE RIGHT "I don't have to beg for boys' services" McKinney said in court, claiming the relations to have been consensual. "I am 38-24-36, so I don't have to beg... [he was] grinning like a monkey"



It was on the third night that things escalated after Anderson had asked McKinney for a back rub with cinnamon oil to relax him. Joy said that she tore off his Mormon “garment” – underwear that male and female Mormons wear to help them to not give in to sins of the flesh. “There was only one way to make Kirk get out of Mormonism, and that was to make love to him,” she later recounted, “because for a Mormon missionary to have a love affair is totally taboo.”

McKinney had oral sex with Anderson and then full intercourse took place, although it was against Anderson’s wishes, he said. “The chains were tight and I could not move. She proceeded to have intercourse. I did not want it to happen. I was very upset,” he added. “I felt like she was raping me.” Asked how a woman could rape a man, he explained that she had performed oral sex until he was aroused and then straddled her. McKinney disputed that, saying a man could only have sex if he wanted, otherwise it was “like trying to force a marshmallow into a parking meter slot”.

Stuart Elgrod reminded Kirk that when he was returned to London, he was alone with Joyce but made no attempt to escape. They went to the American Express office in Haymarket, walked around Trafalgar Square then went for lunch at the Hard Rock Cafe in Piccadilly. “You didn’t even try to escape?” He replied, “No, because I knew I was going back to Epsom.”



The massed ranks of the press found one aspect of the whole affair puzzling. McKinney was a beauty queen with an impressive bust. Kirk Anderson did not appear the kind of man to arouse such deep passions in a woman like McKinney. He weighed about 18 stone, had huge hands and feet, “a bovine, milk-fed look,” wore aviator glasses and shambled flat-footed rather than walked. Joy explained, “He was the sweetest-smelling, cleanest man ah ever knew. He’s the shower and wash himself two, three times a day. Every little hair was perfectly clean. And his skin, ah just loved to smell his skin.”

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

She explained that she and Kirk had been caught in flagrante delicto by her father on a waterbed she had placed on the floor of the living room in her parents’ house at Provo. “Daddy came and caught us in the middle,” she recalled. “He spluttered and said he was just going to get a glass of water but poor Kirk,” her index finger flopped forward, “he just went like that.”

At a hearing on 6 December the court referred to a previous statement by McKinney in which she said that all the activity with Anderson was consensual and the bondage and oral sex was to help out with his difficulties. “Kirk cannot have an orgasm unless he is tied up,” she said. “His mother was over-dominant and he did not get pleasure from sexual intercourse.”

She told the court, “I loved Kirk so much I would have skied down Mount Everest in the nude with a carnation up my nose.”

Stuart Elgrod for Joy tried to get the charges dismissed, as did Bob Marshall Andrews for Keith May, claiming that May saw the intervention not as a kidnap but a rescue mission from an “oppressive and tyrannical organisation.”

Elgrod told magistrates: “You could not commit a cat on this evidence, let alone this young lady.” Quoting from the Song of Solomon, he added: “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it” before finishing with a flourish of Shakespeare: “Methinks the Mormon doth protest too much.”

Joy knew her audience and aided them as she went on. The adventure had cost her \$17,000 – helpfully converted into £9,000 – “my entire life savings.” She went on, “A woman raping a man? Him, 18 stone and me, eight stone? Come on who’s kidding who?”

“Why was he moving his hips with me? I said, ‘Honey, does that feel good? Do you like it like this?’ And he goes, ‘Phew – HOT.’” She continued, “His mother can rub his back from now on. I don’t want anything more to do with him.” If only those words had been true.

“ MCKINNEY HAD ORAL SEX WITH ANDERSON AND THEN FULL INTERCOURSE TOOK PLACE, ALTHOUGH IT WAS AGAINST ANDERSON’S WISHES, HE SAID ”

LOVE STORY OR TABLOID SLUR?

A DOCUMENTARY WAS INEVITABLE, IT’S ONLY SURPRISING IT TOOK 25 YEARS BEFORE SOMEONE MADE IT

IN 2009, JOYCE MCKINNEY WAS APPROACHED BY ERROL MORRIS, A FILMMAKER WHO WAS MAKING A DOCUMENTARY FILM CALLED *TABLOID* ABOUT HER LIFE. MCKINNEY PARTICIPATED, APPARENTLY UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT WAS ABOUT THE PAPARAZZI. HOWEVER, SHE HATED THE RESULTING FILM, ACCUSING MORRIS OF MAKING HER LOOK LIKE A CRAZED SEX OFFENDER AND A PROSTITUTE. SHE APPEARED AT SCREENINGS SHOUTING ‘LIAR, LIAR’ AT THE SCREEN AND EVEN TRIED TO SUE FOR DEFAMATION, BUT HER CASE WAS THROWN OUT OF COURT WITH PREJUDICE.



ABOVE The documentary film *Tabloid* (2010) tells the tale of Joyce McKinney and Kirk Anderson – but she was more than a little upset at the final cut

Magistrates decided that McKinney and May did have a case to answer and both were committed for trial and released on £3,000 bail each after three months in prison. They had to stay in the house rented by McKinney’s parents in Tufnell Park, have no contact with Anderson, observe a 9pm to 9am curfew and report to police twice daily. Although Joy was released immediately, it took Keith May three additional days before he could raise the bail money.

A date for the court case was set for the Central Criminal Court on 2 May 1978, but the desire of



ABOVE McKinney was the picture of innocence upon her arrest in 1984 - these mugshots were captured by the Salt Lake County police following her arrest

the British public to be entertained by yet more details of the blonde model and the manacled Mormon would be dashed.

TRAWLING THE STREET OF SHAME

Once free, Joy made the most of her liberty. She trawled the newsrooms of the national press and offered to tell her story exclusively, starting the bidding at £50,000 (£278,000 at 2015 values). She also placed an advert in *Variety* announcing she was “writing a book and screen-play! This moving love story has taken Britain by storm, invoking front-page headlines in all British newspapers. Due to the overwhelming number of enquiries by phone (10-20 calls per day), she is forced to look for representation. Legitimate parties please contact by letter only: Stuart Elgrod”.

Unfortunately for Joy, the *Daily Mirror* had also discovered another advert placed by McKinney in the LA Free Press that revealed a slightly less salubrious side to her. It was for the same work she had done to finance her pursuit of Kirk Anderson. Calling herself “Joey”, she offered “S&M, B&D, escort services, nude wrestling, erotic phone calls, dirty panties or pictures. Mail your fantasies to Joey. Upper income clientele preferred (Men or women). Ah love shy boys, dirty ol’ men and sugah daddies!”

On 13 March, bail restrictions were relaxed allowing her go out at night. On 11 April, Peter Tory, the deputy editor on the William Hickey gossip column on the *Daily Express*, accompanied Joy to the premiere of *The Stud*, the film version of Jackie Collins’ bonkbuster, starring her older sister Joan and Oliver Tobias. Tory and McKinney swept up to the Empire Leicester Square in a Rolls-Royce and the flashbulbs popped.

“ IN IRELAND THEY CLAIMED TO BE MEMBERS OF A DEAF AND DUMB ACTING TROUPE ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA TO PERFORM ”

At the end of the night, Tory dropped her off at the house she shared with Keith May. Tory would be the last British journalist to see the pair, for the next day May (calling himself Richard McGrory) and McKinney (Darleen O’Connor), equipped with fourteen suitcases, flew out of London Airport to Shannon in Ireland. There they claimed to be members of a deaf and dumb acting troupe on their way to Canada to perform. They boarded their aeroplane and entered America at Buffalo.

FLYING BLIND

The story did not end there. The *Daily Mirror* had, with some help from Joy, compiled a huge dossier to run after the court case but was forbidden by the Director of Public Prosecutions who had yet to decide whether to issue orders for extradition. The newspaper’s editor Mike Molloy summed up his disappointment, saying, “I feel as if Harry Truman might if he had been given an atom bomb at the end of the Second World War – and not had a plane to drop it from.”

Molloy would soon get the opportunity to detonate his atomic splash. However, it was one

of his tabloid rivals, the *Daily Express*, who found McKinney and May in Atlanta, Georgia, where the pair were masquerading as Indians and nuns.

KISS’N’TELL

Tory had flown out to Atlanta with the cash in a suitcase. McKinney and May turned up at the Hilton hotel in Atlanta airport in greasepaint “like characters from a really bad amateur production of *Ali Baba*,” Tory said.

Fearing that the FBI were following her, McKinney insisted on moving from hotel to hotel while she related her colourful past. “There was no sense that she had ever been anything but a sweet country girl and she got caught up in this business in London,” Tory said. “I thought it was a bit boring really.” On Thursday 18 May 1978, the *Express* published McKinney’s story under the headline “My Undying Love”. There was a photograph of her in a polo-neck sweater with a carnation clenched between her teeth. On the same day, the *Daily Mirror* ran a spoiler depicting McKinney as a woman of loose morals, accompanied by a photograph of her naked.

In a Myrtle Beach, South Carolina hotel, McKinney was very upset by the *Mirror* story. “It was like something from *The Exorcist*,” Tory recalled. “She screamed and screamed and she appeared to me to be about to jump off the balcony. She ran for the balcony and tore the





“ IN HER CAR, POLICE FOUND A LENGTH OF ROPE AND A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS ”

curtain down. I thought, God, she's going to go over the edge and there were these American tourists underneath in deckchairs — she would have taken them with her.”

McKinney was taken to hospital and sedated. Back in Fleet Street the following day, the *Express* defended her honour, while the *Mirror* ran a photograph of her sitting naked on a horse.

On 19 June 1984, McKinney was arrested near Salt Lake City Airport where Anderson was working: she was accused of continued harassment. In her car, police found a length of rope and a pair of handcuffs.

The case was dismissed on 21 September when she failed to show up in court. On 14 July 2004, she was arrested for communicating threats and demonstrating cruelty to animals.

YAPPILY EVER AFTER

In August 2008, calling herself Bernann McKinney, Joyce was again in the news after paying £25,000 to South Korean scientists to have her dead Pitbull terrier, Booger (who died of cancer in April 2006), cloned. Five puppies were born on 28 July 2008.

In 2009, she was approached by Errol Morris, the maker of a documentary film *Tabloid* and participated. However, she hated the resulting film and appeared at screenings shouting “Liar, liar” at the screen.

ABOVE During her 1977 trial, McKinney professed her innocence in Anderson's kidnap from the back of a police van via a number of notes scrawled on pages torn from the Bible

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Joyce McKinney lives in Palm Springs with her five cloned dogs. She told a journalist: “I'm elderly now, I have a heart condition, I'm crippled and partially blind. I'm just a little old lady, looking back, eyes misting, on an incredible lost love.”

Kirk Anderson lives with his Mormon-approved wife in Utah, where he works as a travel agent.

Keith May died aged 51 in 2004 of kidney failure, while Stuart Elgrod moved to Israel in 1980 and died after a long illness in 2010.

Bob Marshall-Andrews, QC retired as a Labour MP in 2010, having long been a thorn in Tony Blair's side.

Peter Tory worked for many years on the William Hickey diary on the *Daily Express*, and also wrote gossip columns for the *Sunday Express*, *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Star*. He died of cancer in 2012, aged 73.

Mike Molloy edited the *Daily Mirror* from 1975 until 1985. After leaving the newspaper industry, he began writing children's books.

Neil Dennison, QC retired in March 2001, having been the Common Serjeant of London since 1993, the second most senior resident judge at the Old Bailey.

BEAUTY MADE ME A SEX SLAVE

A FEEDING FRENZY DESCENDED ON THE BUXOM BLONDE; THIS WAS PAYDIRT FOR THE BRITISH TABLOIDS



THE DAILY MIRROR

22 May 1978

The Daily Mirror loved the story of a lusty siren who had entrapped the much larger and apparently incorruptible Anderson. A bit of digging and a lucky lead turned up soft porn photos from her dubious past, which are promptly printed the same day as the Daily Express gets its exclusive

THE DAILY EXPRESS

22 May 1978

The Daily Express gets the scoop when McKinney asks for £40k for her story. The paper runs with the headline 'My Undying Love – I still want my Mormon'. The story has since described as being 'a bit boring really' by reporter Peter Tory, but at least it comes straight from the horse's mouth.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

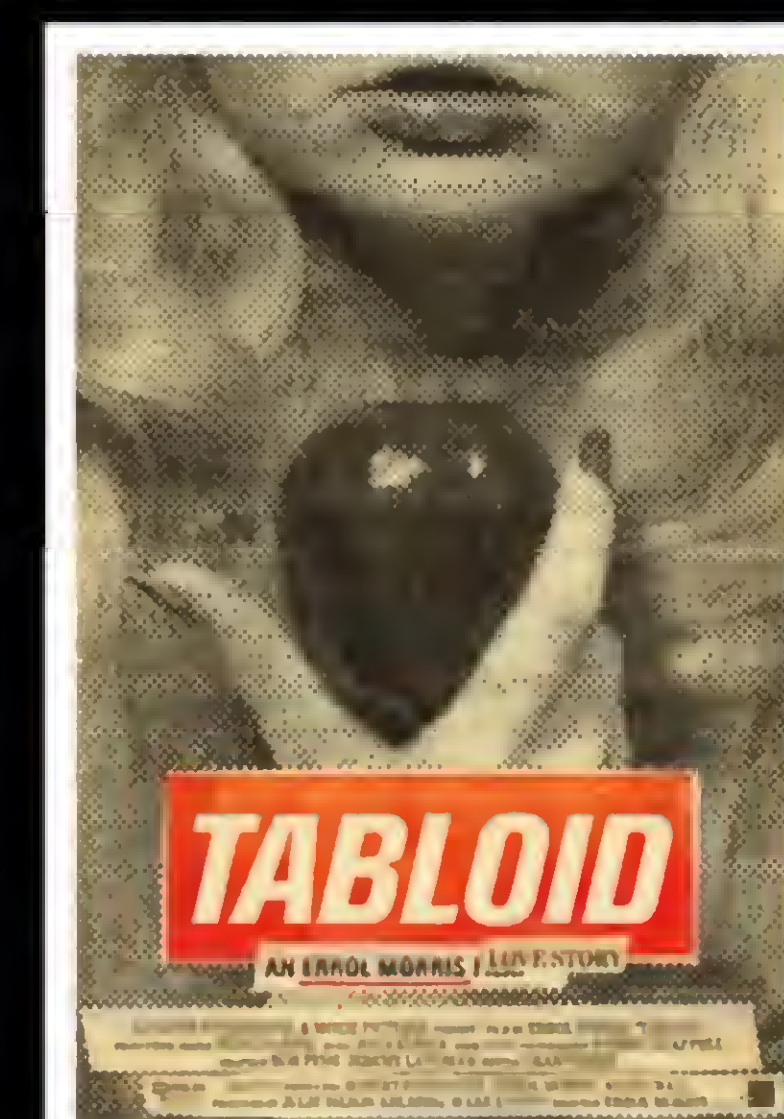
May 1984

McKinney never really lost her taste for the limelight. A 1980s autobiography portrays McKinney as a princess who has lost her prince, though it was never published. She soon turns up in the papers, this time having been arrested for stalking Anderson near his workplace in 1984.

DOG CLONING

7 August 2008

After nearly a quarter of a century, McKinney has hired South Korean scientists to clone her pit bull terrier. It's an interesting story to begin with, then the papers discover that it's their favourite, former Mormon-abducting, kinky beauty queen at the centre of it all.



TABLOID

3 September 2010

McKinney is on the other side of the law as she pursues a common lawsuit against the filmmaker Errol Morris, who she feels has defamed her in his film *Tabloid* as a sex offender and a prostitute. The suit fails as the court decides that the film did not misrepresent her.



THE REAL BOARDWALK

The ratification of the 18th Amendment in 1919 banned “The manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States”. Though drawn from noble concern over the ills of alcohol abuse, the law enacted more mayhem than morality. The same can be said of the 1914 Harrison Act and the 1924 Heroin Act – making it illegal didn’t cure the already-dependent, nor did it alter the age-old truism of supply and demand. So, while liquor poured into partygoers’ cups, opiates flowed through addicts’ veins, the bootleggers and dope peddlers would pour over endless piles of cash.

FADE TO RED

Placing their hands against the back interior wall of the SMC Cartage garage in Chicago’s North Side, seven men followed the orders of who they thought were gun-wielding uniformed and plainclothes police. Seconds later, they all felt the sting of .45 caliber rounds and 12 gauge shell fragments piercing their bodies. The only survivor of the 1929 St Valentine’s Day Massacre was a German shepherd named Highball. Investigators didn’t really need the testimony of witnesses

per se; it was very apparent who was behind the violence. The gruesome messes of dead and near-dead (one died in the hospital) victims were all members of – or associated with – the Bugs Moran North Side Gang, arch rivals of Al Capone’s Outfit. Gang warfare had been common in Chicago, but this was different. Scarface earned himself publicity alright, to the dismay of every newspaper-reading member of society. Capone’s peers were even more horrified and thus shared law enforcements’ sentiment – something had to be done. That ‘something’ would eventually involve a Boardwalk bigwig.

FADE TO BLACK

On 9 December 1968, after battling numerous ailments, the 85-year-old former undisputed ‘Boss’ of Atlantic City passed away quietly in a New Jersey convalescent home. Enoch ‘Nucky’ Johnson lived a long and melodramatic life. He endured the heartache of losing his first wife at a very young age, climbed the career ladder in record time, earned praise and courted controversy at every step of his journey. The bold and rebellious façade gave way to secrets beneath surface, landing him in Federal prison for a few years. After his release in 1945, Nucky was no longer a headline story.

EMPIRE

REAL CRIME DISCOVERS THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE HBO SERIES AND THE
TENTACLED BOOTLEGGING NETWORK
OF ENOCH 'NUCKY' JOHNSON

WORDS CHRISTIAN CIPOLLINI

His death made the news of course, stirring up media recollections of a controversial history that extended back to the heyday of unabashed prohibition rebuking and political omnipotence. Then, like most sensationalised stories of the day, his name and legend again faded out of public interest. That is until a critically-acclaimed cable television series premiered in 2010.

BOSS OF THE BOARDWALK UNDERBELLY

Sinister parts of history tend to make the best subjects for everything from factual studies to embellished folklore, not to mention irresistible entertainment it provides in books, film and television – the forums most freely blurring the lines between credible and questionable. Such is the case with HBO's premier of original series *Boardwalk Empire*. It became a categorical and instantaneous hit, packed with all the perfect ingredients of entertainment success – drama, violence, sex, plus an amazing cast of characters and settings. *Boardwalk Empire* reincarnated the legendary tales of prohibition lawlessness, political opulence and rekindled interest in the fascinating prolific figureheads of the era.



Nucky Johnson, Al Capone and his bootlegging pals stride along the boardwalk in 1929

Inspired by the real life extravagance, spectacle and exploits of Atlantic City political juggernaut Enoch Johnson, the series took viewers through the time of flappers, spats, speakeasies, and beyond, underscored by side stories and characters that were also derived from some real events/people (Al Capone one of the more prominent).

The real life Nucky Johnson secured a multitude of job descriptions over his career climb, most notably going from sheriff to GOP boss to chief of everything in the town. Throughout his ascension, he pissed off the entire Democratic Party, and a few Republicans who didn't conform to the Nucky way. He was a dichotomy; malefactor-friendly, extravagant, loud and shady, yet also the one guy who anyone could go to when times were tough, ask for help and he would give. That power and influence made things run pretty smoothly in his little corner of the world, but not without very resilient detractors who sought to put him out of business. Besides snubbing legal guidelines and naysayers in general, Nucky Johnson minced no words in his disregard for certain rules. "We have whiskey, wine, women, song and slot machines," Johnson was once quoted. "I won't deny it and I won't apologise for it."

REEL VERSUS REAL

Creative license is an expected and normal aspect of entertainment as an industry, but the question of historical accuracy will always be raised at some point. What's more, the story of Atlantic City's role during the grand drama of Twenties crime and politics is difficult to pinpoint and verify in historical context, let alone Hollywood interpretations.

Nevertheless, between the real-life Johnson and the television version (Thompson), there is a mix of both subtle and obvious similarities that can be identified. They were each recognisable figures in the political arena, who wielded power that earned as many friends as it did enemies. Both lived lavishly, occupying entire floors in expensive hotels, staffed with waiters, maids and bodyguards. And finally, both were in cahoots with America's most infamous crime lords from up and down the Eastern seaboard. Nucky was a dealmaker, intermediary, polarising figure and string-puller like the television equivalent. Oh, and the red carnation – yes, both always decorated the lapel with one.

Over the show's five-season run however, parallels and historical truth deteriorate on a few major points. Johnson – the real Nucky – was a big man with an equally booming voice. Thompson – the character – was thin and generally soft-spoken. Also, unlike his fictional counterpart, Nucky likely never 'ordered' anyone be whacked, and his interaction with America's biggest bad guys was neither frequent nor as climactic. His actual involvement with infamous villains like Al Capone, Lucky Luciano and Arnold Rothstein was probably of a more centralised, limited or an 'emergency only' basis. Characters modelled after real-life gangsters were also dramatised versions and therefore a considerable portion of their respective actions and chronologies within the storyline are not necessarily historically accurate.

Scott Deitch, an expert on Tampa's organised crime history and author of *Cocktail Noir*, makes an important point regarding the show's latter season, whereby storylines extended beyond Atlantic City. "Tampa being a major port of entry for rum and the raw materials to distill rum was accurate," he confirms, but adds, "Though the real Nucky Johnson was never reported to have come to Tampa." Deitch also says he had to opportunity to ask one of the show's

THE MEN AT THE TABLE

DID THESE EAST COAST CRIME KINGS TALK BUSINESS ON THE BOARDWALK?

MEYER LANSKY

ROLE: THE BRAINS
GANG: NEW YORK FACTION

Lansky's mind and Bugsy Siegel's brawn took them from thieves to bootleggers to being top dogs in the fledgling mob syndicate. As Luciano's business confidante, the 'Little Man' kept money issues in order. It was alleged Lansky took his honeymoon in Atlantic City so he could attend the 1929 Conference of crime lords.

CHARLES 'LUCKY' LUCIANO

ROLE: FACE OF ORGANIZED CRIME
GANG: NEW YORK FACTION

Amid the fact versus folklore of Atlantic City's giant crime meeting, Lucky has been one of the most frequently mentioned 'usual suspects' besides Al Capone. Although Lucky could never have accomplished so much without the help of virtually every other big-name bad boy of the era on his side, credit where credit is due – he certainly became the timeless image of post-prohibition American gangsters.

JOHNNY TORRIO

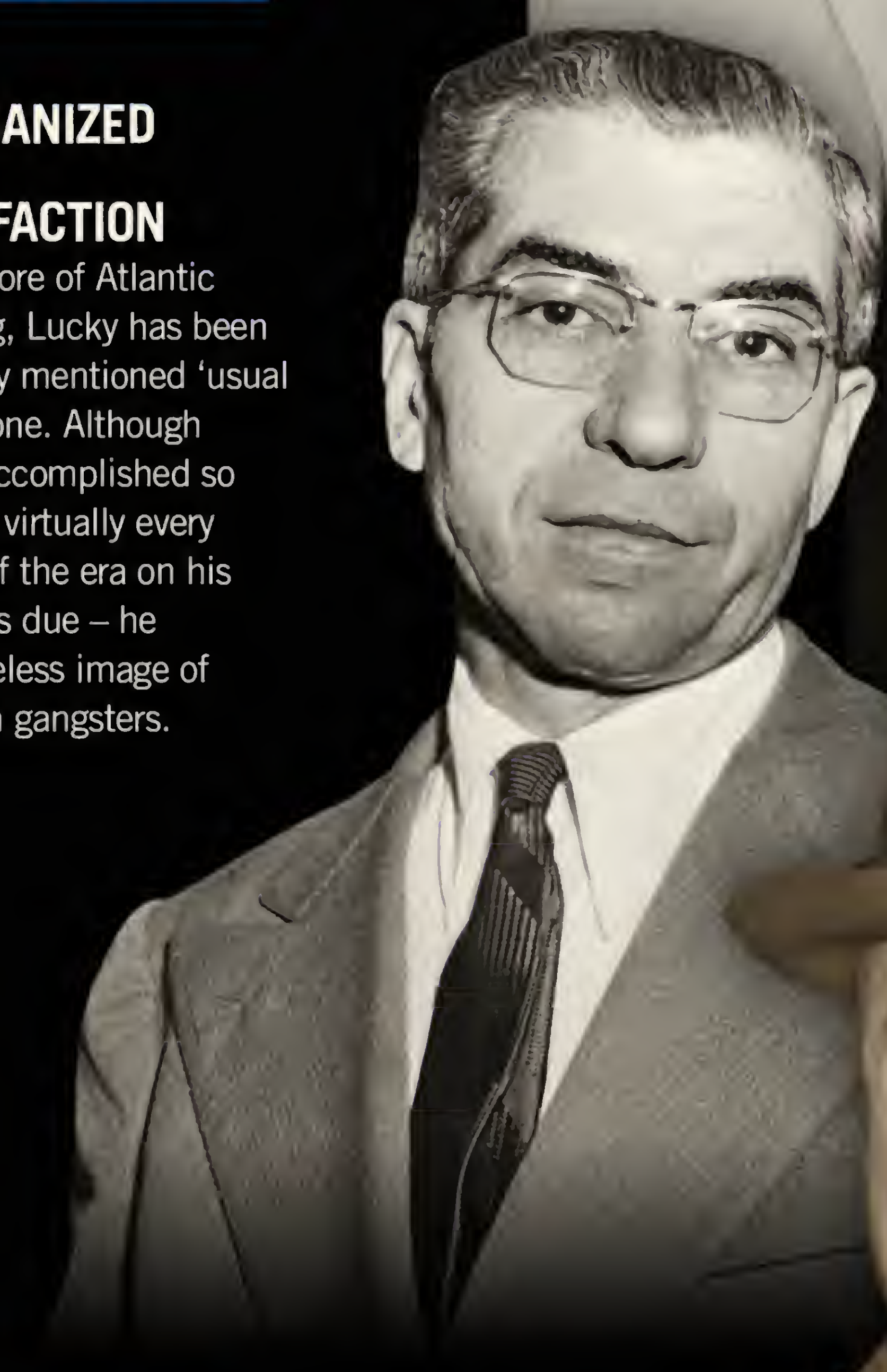
ROLE: PUPPET MASTER
GANG: CHICAGO/NEW YORK FACTION

Torrio mentored Capone in Chicago, retreated to Italy and then retired back to New York City in 1931. He was probably the real force behind bootlegging coalitions and ideally would have been the real arbitrator or CEO of the so-called Atlantic City Conference. His ties ran deep with Lucky Luciano and the entire East Coast mob syndicate.

FRANK COSTELLO

ROLE: AMBASSADOR
GANG: NEW YORK FACTION

The 'diplomatic' mobster, preferring the use of cash and favours over violence. In a 1974 biography, written Costello's longtime attorney George Wolf, the Atlantic City board meeting was Frank's idea. "What we all need is a vacation in Atlantic City," said Costello to Meyer Lansky. Wolf's depiction of his client's part was certainly plausible, but others argue Lansky may have been the real 'idea' man.



BENJAMIN 'BUGSY' SIEGEL

ROLE: THE BADASS
GANG: NEW YORK FACTION

Dapper, respected and feared since his rough-and-tumble youth in the Bug and Meyer mob. His role during prohibition was firmly alongside childhood pals Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano; definitely a 'boss' in the fledgling National Syndicate. Some legendary tales say Bugsy was present in Atlantic City for the big convention, and if there was such a large representation – indeed he would likely have been there.

JOE ADONIS

ROLE: UNKNOWN
GANG: NEW YORK FACTION/BROOKLYN

Adonis seemed to be everywhere, and his hands in every illicit cookie jar. Some believe he was directly involved in the Atlantic City Conference because of his reign over the shipping docks in Brooklyn (with Albert Anastasia) and close association with Frank Costello and Lucky Luciano.

ABNER 'LONGY' ZWILLMAN

ROLE: JERSEY'S CAPONE
GANG: NEW JERSEY FACTION

As one of the most powerful individuals in the bootlegging business (dope too), Longy was another of the commonly mentioned attendees. If a summit of gangsters had taken place in Atlantic City, Zwillman would have absolutely been seated at the table.

HARRY 'NIG' ROSEN

ROLE: QUAKER SYNDICATE BOSS
GANG: PHILADELPHIA FACTION

From Russia to New York to finally setting up a racketeering base in Philly, Harry Stromberg, aka Nig Rosen, worked closely with guys like Meyer Lansky and Louis 'Lepke' Buchalter in bootlegging and narcotics. He was an alleged attendee at the 1929 conference.

ALPHONSE 'SCARFACE' CAPONE

ROLE: PUBLICITY NIGHTMARE
MOB: CHICAGO FACTION

Oh that Al... they liked him, but what a troublemaker he was for the underworld as a whole. The sensational Valentine's Day Massacre brought much heat upon gangsterdom and something definitely needed done about the problem with Al's war in Chicago with rival Bugs Moran's gang. If anything about *Boardwalk Empire* the show, *Boardwalk Empire* the reality or a historic mob conference was true – it's that Capone needed reigning in and decisions were made to soften subsequent blow organised crime took from bootlegging battles not just in Chicago but anywhere.

ENOCH 'NUCKY' JOHNSON

ROLE: POLITICAL BOSS
GANG: ATLANTIC CITY

Johnson was the go-to guy for virtually everything in Atlantic City during the Twenties and Thirties. Most recognised as the force behind Republican politics in the city, he was also boss of numerous businesses, law enforcement, banks, clubs, and even sports teams. Therefore, if the mob needed something facilitated in Nucky's world, well, Nucky would get it done. He was not a bootlegger; he made profit from those that were. New Jersey's illicit imports were more likely controlled by Abner 'Longy' Zwillman.

LET THE LIQUOR FLOW

NUCKY’S INFLUENCE PEAKED DURING PROHIBITION, AS HIS AMBITIONS MOVED BEYOND HIS LEGITIMATE INTERESTS INTO A BOOTLEG BOOZE-SMUGGLING NETWORK THAT SPREAD FROM ATLANTIC CITY TO THE MIDWEST

The primary Northeastern hubs joined forces, to further control bootlegging, in the shadowy ‘Seven Group’. The Chicago faction allegedly joined just before the group disbanded. Along with Chicago, both Detroit and Cleveland had direct importing routes through Windsor Canada. Almost all the beer production was conducted under the nose of law enforcement, from East Coast to Minnesota, oftentimes in breweries taken over by mob factions. New Orleans, Miami and Tampa-based mob factions controlled most smuggling routes of both liquor and narcotics originating in the Bahamas and Cuba, some of which made its way to the North. Other Southern States produced homegrown liquor – moonshine.

DETROIT

KEY PLAYER: THE PURPLE GANG’S BURNSTEIN BROTHERS

The Purple Gang, or Sugarhouse Gang were arguably far more brutal than the public outside Michigan knew. Chicago’s Valentine’s Massacre took the limelight, but the numerous acts these predominantly Jewish gangsters carried out to preserve control of liquor routes was legendary.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA

CHICAGO

KEY PLAYER: AL CAPONE’S OUTFIT, GEORGE ‘BUGS’ MORAN’S NORTH SIDE GANG

Bitter rivals, Capone and Moran’s battle over booze turned incomprehensible on 14 February 1929. Moran himself was one of the intended targets that day, but running late saved his life. The entire burgeoning mob syndicate decided something had to be done, hence the big pow wow in Atlantic City a few months later.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA

CLEVELAND

KEY PLAYER: MOE DALITZ

He was a key player in Ohio bootlegging, and remained very close with the New York gangsters. Dalitz’s real legacy, however, came years later when the mob infiltrated Las Vegas. Though regarded as a ruthless booze baron during prohibition, and after his influence in Vegas, Dalitz was actually able to live out his life as a regular citizen.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA

PHILADELPHIA

KEY PLAYER: HARRY ‘NIG’ ROSEN, MAX ‘BOO BOO’ HOFF

Rosen’s hands were into everything, and held close ties with Meyer Lansky. Besides liquor, was suspected of running drug and gambling rackets that stretched into Baltimore, Atlantic City, and even some Western States and Mexico.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA, EUROPE (VIA SEABOARD HUBS)

“CAPONE’S PEERS WERE EVEN MORE HORRIFIED... SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE. THAT ‘SOMETHING’ WOULD INVOLVE A BOARDWALK BIGWIG”

NEW YORK

KEY PLAYER: JOHNNY TORRIO, CHARLES 'LUCKY' LUCIANO, MEYER LANSKY, JOE ADONIS, ARTHUR 'DUTCH SCHULTZ' FLEGENHEIMER, TOO MANY TO NAME!

Torrio was likely the overseer of all these guys, after the murder of Arnold Rothstein in 1928. It can be argued that the New York boys truly ran the entire bootlegging show by proxy. If someone didn't 'fit in' to the new system – they were usually eliminated or ostracised.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA, EUROPE

NEW ENGLAND

KEY PLAYER: CHARLES 'KING' SOLOMON

Based in Boston, Solomon's racket included booze, dope and prostitution throughout New England. Rival regional gangs eventually deposed of the King, shooting him to death in the Cotton Club, which he owned at the time.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA, EUROPE

RHODE ISLAND

KEY PLAYER: DANNY WALSH

One of the very few remaining Irish gangsters aligned with the mostly Jewish and Italian combination that had taken over by 1931. Walsh controlled lower New England's imports with many ship captains on his payroll. Walsh disappeared in 1933 – allegedly dropped in ocean with cement shoes.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA, EUROPE

**NEW JERSEY/
ATLANTIC CITY**

KEY PLAYER: ABNER 'LONGY' ZWILLMAN, WILLIE MORETTI, ENOCH 'NUCKY' JOHNSON

Zwillman and Moretti worked together, but the former was probably the true top dog. Nucky's Atlantic City, however, was an entity in and of itself like no other, and as such, he controlled everything directly coming in and distributed through his town.

IMPORTS FROM: CANADA, EUROPE, SOME FROM THE TROPICS

KEY

MAIN PRODUCT:

- **BEER**
- **WINE**
- **HARD LIQUOR (CORN, CANE, BEET, SUGAR AND MASH)**
- **HARD LIQUOR (DIVERTED, WITHDRAWN AND SMUGGLED)**
- **HARD LIQUOR (APPLE JACK, HARD CIDER AND OTHER FRUIT LIQUORS)**
- ➡ **SHIPPING PATHS**

writers why certain historical figures were not introduced in the show, particularly Charlie Wall – a prominent Florida gangster of the era. “If they had too many true historical characters,” says Deitcher of the explanation he was given, “it would limit the fictional arc of the story. Understandable explanation.”

GANGSTERS GONE WILD

Nucky's world was fueled by the almighty dollar, supply and demand. Through the Twenties and Thirties people flocked to his grand city by the sea to spend their money on the vice he made accessible. Despite the apparent societal disregard for prohibition there were certainly hardcore proponents of the new amendment, and those who wanted the law to at least be given a chance. Of the latter conviction, 24 businessmen – Henry Ford and Thomas Edison among them – signed an open letter to the American people in 1929.

“Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if they elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will obey. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronised it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large number of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime. We believe that prohibition should be given an honest trial...”

The message clearly tried playing the decency card. The attempt fell flat, but they were correct in the ‘stimulating crime’ part. Liquor wasn't the root of all evil, money was, and, oh, did those villains and outlaws fight for the cash. Robbery of shipments, murder of competitors, disorganised shipping lanes and even dangerously distilled bad batches of illicit consumables were issues plaguing the entire racket. Bloodshed, infighting and territorial disagreements between criminal competitors obviously came to a head on Valentine's Day 1929. The Chicago vexation was, however, only one of many underworld atrocities related to gang warfare. This totality of violence was a nationwide problem that forced all the major mob bosses to quickly undertake some damage-control actions. Worse yet, for the outlaw entities at least – the incident fully commanded the unwavering resolve of law enforcement. It was simply bad for business, period. Here's where Enoch 'Nucky' Johnson and Al Capone crossed paths, or so the legend says.

BOARDWALK OF DIRECTORS

In light of the highly compromising and immediate situation the Valentine's Massacre put virtually every American outlaw in, plans to solve the problem were initiated quickly. Reputation, micromanagement and prime geographic location made Nucky Johnson a prominent figure in 20th Century political theatre and ostensibly within gangland circles. Furthermore, because Atlantic City under his control had an ‘anything goes’ policy, it appears Johnson was the logical go-to for providing a safe and welcoming venue where the kingdom of prohibition crime could commiserate, iron out differences and establish some rules.

From 13-16 May 1929, the overlords of vice rackets converged in Atlantic City. This event went down in history as the first of three major mob conferences held during the 20th Century. Some historians consider it to be the most significant of the trio (Havana 1946 and Apalachin 1957 were the others), and probably the largest. The invitees arrived from the Midwest, New England, Philadelphia, New York and possibly from as far as Florida. Jewish and Italian mob

bosses, flanked by their trusted entourages of advisors and bodyguards, descended upon the Breakers Hotel. The Anglo management was not having Italians and Jews stay in their illustrious establishment, which caused a chaotic situation in the lobby. Oddly, Nucky's influence had little effect on the hotel's ethnic prejudice and he was forced to relocate the ensemble cast to the President's Hotel instead. Once all settled in, the gang got down to business in the board room, made a treaty and enjoyed numerous 'amenities' Johnson's unconventional city had to offer. Or so the story goes.

SUBTERFUGE

Was the event a success? Qualitatively speaking, there were a few achievements thought to have been direct or indirect results of the three-day mob gathering. The first and most pressing went into action immediately at the summit's conclusion. Capone and his bodyguard quickly traveled to Philadelphia, where they literally made themselves 'available' for apprehension. According to the plan methodically designed and ratified by the board of bad guys, Capone and Frank Cline (aka Rio), each carrying concealed handguns, would get arrested and charged for the weapon, serve a little jail stint and hopefully everything relating to the massacre would cool off. Philly police were understandably a bit suspicious by the ease of the arrest and co-operation of such a celebrity wiseguy. While in custody, Capone even went so far as divulging a bit of detail pertaining to his stay in Atlantic City. He casually mentioned to the public safety director, LB Schofield, how he'd been at the President's Hotel discussing a Peace Pact with other racketeers. Schofield, whose curiosity was instantly piqued, asked Capone to elaborate.

"Signed on the dotted line," Capone relayed. "It was with the idea in mind of making peace among the gangsters in Chicago that I spent a week in Atlantic City and got the word of each leader that there shall be no more shootings."

To say the entire massacre hype died down after Capone's short prison sentence is perhaps stretching it a bit, but granted – Scarface did as told and underworld heat cooled enough for other major developments in the mob to begin evolving. Prime examples include the formation of the 'Big Seven' aka 'Seven Group', (which is in and of itself a shadowy tale), and thereafter – the almighty 'National Crime Syndicate'. Still, ultimately the biggest outcome had nothing to do with gangland business; this event produced decades of mesmerising storytelling. Capone's 'tell all' moment, vis-à-vis so-called Atlantic City crime summit, began to take on a life of its own, raising more questions for years to come.

PANDORA'S BOX

Did any of this really happen? And who were all the pact-signing leaders? It seems not everyone can agree, but a century later and the mythos of Atlantic City's mob fest still stirs up endless conjecture, argument and debate. These are the three prominent theories of what probably did or did not go down in Atlantic City from 13-16 May 1929.

Standing Room Only: Enoch 'Nucky' Johnson hosted all the prominent Midwest and East Coast gangland figures for a



Prohibition agents pour liquor down the sewer in the aftermath of a raid at the height of the ban

three-day summit in Atlantic City. The purpose: to work out territorial disputes, importing, payoffs, distribution and deal with the specific problem in Chicago – Capone's Outfit versus Bugs Moran's North Side Gang.

Limited Engagement: Johnson facilitated a meeting of mostly Chicago-based gangsters. The purpose: to settle the problems between Capone's faction and other Midwest bootleggers, Bugs Moran most importantly.

No Show: As a crucial figure in the overall prohibition bootleg game, Johnson likely knew and occasionally met with leaders of organised crime factions, but there simply isn't any verifiable proof of any crime convention being held in Atlantic City in May of 1929.

If you subscribe to the belief that Atlantic City was filled with the nation's top gang bosses, New York gangsters would have filled most of the seats, followed by Chicago, New Jersey, Philadelphia and so forth. The marquee names in attendance included Charles 'Lucky' Luciano, Meyer Lansky, Joe Adonis, Frank Costello, Frank Erickson, 'Dutch' Schultz, Benjamin 'Bugsy' Siegel, Abner 'Longy' Zwillman, Willie Moretti, Al Capone, Charles 'King' Solomon, 'Bugs' Moran, and the man who ultimately pulled the strings – John 'The Fox' Torrio. Alternately, according to the stories run thereafter in the *Chicago Tribune* – the 'leaders' Capone spoke of were all Chicago-based. The only non-Chicago name ever mentioned was Johnny Torrio (who was technically considered a local gangster at one point in time).

"Yes, they were all there," says Arthur Nash, author of *New York City Gangland* and a collector of rare mob artifacts. "Capone, Luciano, and the rest." He unequivocally believes there's enough evidence in existence to prove it, not the least



“THE SITUATION IN ATLANTIC CITY REQUIRES A SEARCHING INVESTIGATION INTO THE ACTIVITIES OF ENOCH JOHNSON AND OTHERS” — UTAH SENATOR WILLIAM H. KING, 1928



LEFT A meeting of New York and Chicago mobsters in 1932. from the left: Paul Ricca, Salvatore Agoglia, Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky, John Senmna and Harry Brown

LEFT BELOW Bottles and a barrel of confiscated Whiskey, much of which made it down the coast from Canada to Atlantic City

of which is a family photograph brought to his attention in 2006 by a relative of Ciro ‘The Artichoke King’ Terranova. The picture, he says, clearly depicts, “Capone, Lucky and Ciro Terranova in their hotel pool together.” Nash noted the photo was lost or stolen, but a copy appeared sometime later on an internet message board. The image has since been removed at the behest of the photograph’s original owners.

“Some photographer caught me with Al Capone once. From now on I’m being careful,” said Enoch ‘Nucky’ Johnson denying a reporter’s request for a picture pose.

Then, of course, there is the iconic *New York Evening Journal* photograph of a smiling entourage, strolling the boardwalk – Capone and Johnson prominently the focal point. This piece of evidence was convincing for both the national meeting theory and the Chicago-only theory. The picture, which ran in 1930, also has its share of skeptics, many of whom question whether the Atlantic City meetup was little more than the product of reporters with an agenda and subsequently overzealous history writers. The dissent stems from the fact that the journal was a William Randolph Heart publication, which notoriously printed anti-Nucky pieces, and the photo was possibly a composite created by the paper. Subscribing to this theory would presumably have to include doubt regarding the validity or Capone’s dialog with Philly police. Ultimately though, most historical perspectives favour the belief that something definitely went on in Atlantic City for three days in May 1929, either the national meeting or Chicago-only meeting scenarios.

TAXING FINALES

Johnny Torrio, the man many agree was probably more in control of all mob activities than anyone (also probably the ‘real’ arbitrator during the Atlantic City Convention), was hit the same way his student Al Capone was – tax evasion. Torrio’s trial in 1939 revealed much more than just his unreported earnings, the ‘Seven Group’ and the namedropping of organised crime kingpins who, incidentally, were most of the same roll call thought to have attended the 1929 crime conference. Still, after a flurry of talkative insiders divulged many of the mob’s secrets, Torrio remained stoic. He saw the writing on the wall, changed his plea, paid a hefty fine and served a tolerable 23-month prison term. When asked what made him change the plea, he replied, “Mrs Torrio told me to do.”

Enoch Johnson had been dogged by the government for years. To the their dismay though, he was able to dodge serious trouble for two decades. Having everyone from bankers to police officers under his control allowed most of his illicit activities to continue without a hitch. Investigators pressed many of Nucky’s loyalists until the house of cards began to crumble. All it takes is one to talk and, just like his gangland pals, if the only way to get them is through the tax man, then so be it. Nucky was not going to skate by this time and he knew it. He was convicted in 1941 for failing to pay \$125,000 in taxes. The day before sentencing, Johnson wed his showgirl fiancée Florence Osbeck, and proclaimed to guests, “Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may go to jail.” A week later he began serving what turned out to be only four years in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary.



STRANGE CASE!

WHERE SEATTLE, USA WHEN 10 JANUARY 2016

POLICE ON THE HUNT FOR 'CREEPY MASKED MASTURBATOR'

A STUDENT HOUSE IN SEATTLE HAS BEEN FREQUENTLY TERRORISED BY A MASKED MASTURBATOR IN A MAKESHIFT NINJA SUIT AND RUBBER TOE SHOES

Seattle police are searching for a man in a mask who has been terrorising campus students for several months by pleasuring himself on their front doorstep in Seattle, Washington. Police were first made aware of the unwelcome guest on the evening of 10 January 2016, when a female resident reported she had heard some "suspicious sounds" outside her front door. When she looked to determine the reason for the odd sounds, she saw the masked man masturbating on her doorstep. Concerned, she dialled 911 and alerted the police to the man outside her home on Northeast 52nd Street and 12th Avenue Northeast.

Responding officers who attended the scene following the distressed 911 call were unable to locate the sexual deviant at the intersection near the scene of the crime. The hands-on voyeur had made a stealthy getaway. Although this was the first call made regarding such lewd behaviour, police have said they believe this was not the first time he had visited the house, which is the residence of a number of students who attend the University of Washington nearby.

Police suspect that the man they are looking for has visited the home up to four times since November last year. The residents have installed night-vision cameras on their front porch in the hope of catching their offensive visitor.

He was spotted again on the CCTV camera the following month on 7 February, pleasuring himself outside their front door during a nightly visit. The man in the footage had his entire body covered from head-to-toe, with only his eyes, hands and genitals exposed. His attire includes a makeshift costume akin to that of a 'ninja' outfit. He can be seen wearing black, tight clothing, (which, as a result of the night-vision CCTV camera, shows as white in the footage) and what appears to be a dark T-shirt, which he has tied over his head. His eyes are visible and exposed through a small slit in the T-shirt. On his feet he also wears rubberised five-toe shoes, similar to the Vibram FiveFingers five-toe shoes that some runners wear as opposed to other types of running shoes. He can be seen pleasuring himself while peering into the window of the student residency.

Police are eager for more information that will lead to his capture. Speaking with online news site *The Huffington Post*, Detective Patrick Michaud said: "It's a priority for us to at least get him identified so we can work on getting him in here for questioning or behind bars." In the US, laws on indecent exposure are fairly strict. If a person is caught committing such an act, they can be subjected to fines or prison time and be required to register as a sex offender.



The news of the strange visitor hit social media, and has received mixed reactions from the public. Some have found humour in the situation while others have taken a much more concerned approach. However, Seattle police have reminded everyone of the seriousness of the situation on their Twitter account and have highlighted the horror of having such an act committed on your own doorstep, stating: "Get the ninja wisecracks out of your system and help catch this creepy masked masturbator." Seattle police have released several surveillance stills in the hope that someone will be able to identify the serial masturbator.

ABOVE It's not big and it's not clever: Police have warned of the seriousness of the masturbating ninja who is terrorising a Seattle home

"THE MAN IN THE FOOTAGE HAD HIS ENTIRE BODY COVERED FROM HEAD-TO-TOE, WITH ONLY HIS EYES, HANDS AND GENITALS EXPOSED"

THOSE WHO LAY TOGETHER, SLAY TOGETHER...

Meet some of the sickest partners in crime and find out how these killer couples have corrupted, ruined and devastated the lives of those around them



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